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"Pacino's open tragicomic vulnerable, performance turns out to be a plus mark for a movie filled with the kind of gutter magic that made 'Midnight Cowboy's' losers so winning. Hackman does his grittiest job of film acting since 'Bonnie and Clyde.' "

—Bruce Williamson, PLAYBOY

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—Charles Champlin, L.A. TIMES

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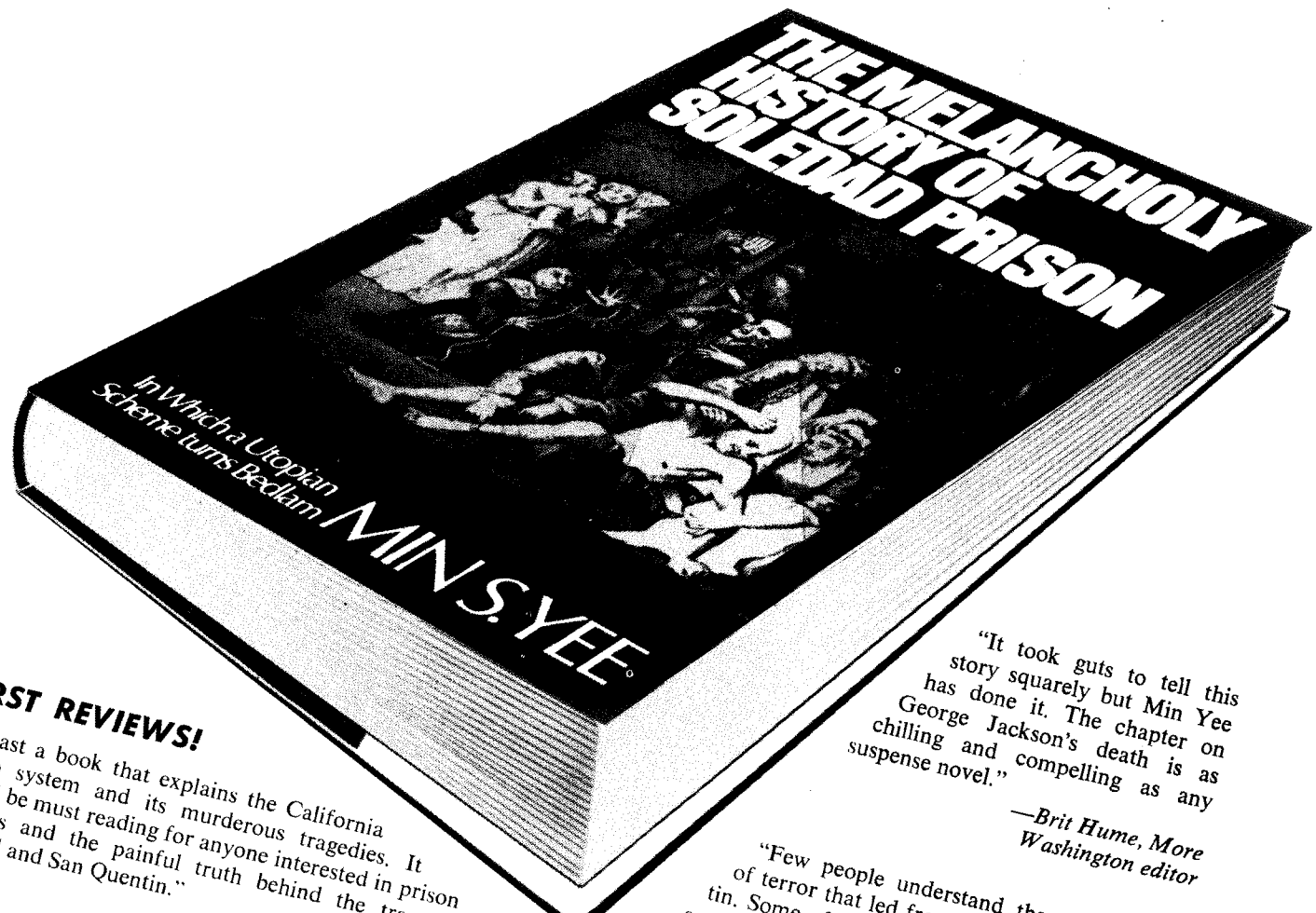

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Could Psychology Today have prevented the Vietnam War?

Another example of the behavioral discoveries which are shaping the thinking of a new generation of thoughtful readers

"How could we have been so stupid?" President John F. Kennedy asked after he and a close group of advisers had blundered into the Bay of Pigs invasion.

But stupidity was not the answer. The men who participated in the Bay of Pigs decision comprised one of the greatest arrays of intellectual talent in the history of American government.

Yale University psychologist Irving L. Janis spent two years looking for the answer. He studied not only the Bay of Pigs but also Pearl Harbor, Vietnam, and other policy disasters.

In each case, he found the decision-makers to be victims of certain clear laws of what he calls Groupthink, a process that results in the distortion of sound collective judgment.

Symptoms of Groupthink

"I was surprised to discover," he wrote in a recent article in Psychology Today, "the extent to which each group displayed the typical phenomena of social conformity that are regularly encountered in studies of group dynamics among ordinary citizens.

Janis was able to isolate and illustrate 8 symptoms of Groupthink, such as Feelings of Invulnerability, Rationalization, Assumptions of Inherent Morality, Stereotyped Views of the Adversary, and Pressure to Conform.

Successful Planning Also Studied

As a counterpoint to this gloomy picture, Janis also investigated two highly successful group enterprises, the formulation of the Marshall Plan in the Truman Administration and the handling of the Cuban missile crisis by President Kennedy and his advisers.

From these observations, he has drawn 9 recommendations for preventing Groupthink which can be used by any planning group, whether it's the Pentagon or your local P.T.A.

What if Janis's conclusions had been developed ten years earlier? And what if there had already been a magazine called Psychology Today to communicate world-changing ideas like these to a wide general audience of thoughtful readers? Might it have prevented the tragic American military intervention in Vietnam?

We'll never know. But there is reason to hope that the discoveries being made by psychologists about human and animal behavior today can help prevent "another Vietnam"...if they can be broadly disseminated in time.

What Is Psychology Today?

Psychology Today was born to bring ideas like these into the mainstream of social thinking immediately, to bridge the gap between the behavior lab and the living room.

It took Freud's ideas a generation to trickle through the barrier of learned books and journals to the consciousness of the educated layman.

But Psychology Today brings you the deeply significant psychological theories and discoveries of today as soon as they take shape. Not jazzed up or watered down for popular consumption. But not clouded over with professional jargon either. Just straight and clear, in a way that both professionals and an interested general public can enjoy and appreciate. And visually enhanced with colorful prize-winning graphics that reinforce the tingling feeling of high adventure. Some other recent examples:

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The First Word

Now we all know for sure what heretofore we all suspected—that John Mitchell played a key role in the Watergate bugging. As the outlines of this latterday Tweed ring become clear, the talk has already begun of possible impeachment proceedings against President Nixon. Such a move would, of course, be welcome. But more on general principles than because of anything Watergate has proved. What exactly has this investigation uncovered? That the government has the technological wherewithal to buy anybody, anyplace, any time, and that the Nixon Administration has been willing to do just that? Mitchell himself admitted as much years ago during the litigation around wiretapping of radicals.

The bugging of the Democratic Party is one of those proverbial tempests in teapots. No doubt such a pompous savant as Eric Sevareid, would say that it is an issue that "touches the heart of the democratic system." But the heart of the democratic system was cut out long ago, and no simple transplant operation—like a successful congressional investigation of Watergate—will return the patient to good health.

Even so, we must continue. And in this issue, Cora Weiss—peace activist and a founder of the Committee of Liaison—recounts her experiences in the POW racket and tells of the prisoners' emergence as characters in the White House's *opera boffé* to convince the American people that there were indeed heroes in the very unheroic war in Southeast Asia. As an addendum to her story, we can't help but remember an item on the CBS evening news at the beginning of the prisoner releases. The Thieu government had just freed a group of NLF prisoners. Thin and diseased, these refugees from the tiger cages had been conveyed to a river serving as a border between Saigon and NLF territory. But they had balked at crossing over to their friends and relatives on the other side because the sampans brought to ferry them across had ARVN markings and Saigon flags on them. Finally a senior NLF officer came out and pleaded with them to forget the insult and cross the river to freedom. They got in the boats, but once under way began ripping off their South Vietnamese clothing and flinging it overboard. One of them reopened a wound on his leg and, dipping his finger into the blood, wrote a revolutionary slogan on a white bandage a comrade had unwound from his arm, and then defiantly held it aloft. This picture was indeed worth thousands of the words that American prisoners have uttered about their mistreatment.

A sign of the time? Oakland's mayorality contest, hardly ever a nationally important race in years past, has now vaulted into the news. The reason is not Oakland's perennial status as one of those all-American cities, nor—thank God—the fact that Charley Finley's Oakland A's won the World Series last year, despite their vulgar uniforms and thick mustaches. No, the Oakland mayor's race has been elevated this year by the presence of Bobby Seale, co-founder of The Black Panther Party and defendant extraordinaire in the Chicago 7 trial when it was still the Chicago 8 trial. As an indication of the Party's new directions, Seale entered the race late last year.

His slogan was "If you want a job, vote for Bob," but he planned a serious race, created by the various Panther Survival Programs. Even so, polls and politicians predicted he would be lucky to get three percent of the vote in this city which is spiritually closer to Orange County than the San Francisco Bay Area. Perhaps with this in mind, the other candidates didn't bother to black-bait him until relatively late in the campaign. Nor did they remind voters of the militant history of this now impeccably dressed and groomed man who campaigned ten hours a day on a platform which called for bringing more jobs to the impoverished ghetto areas and even proposed plans for the erection of a multi-million dollar International Trade Center.

Whatever the reason, the vote startled many into a realization that the good old days are over in Oakland. The final figures showed Seale with nearly 20 percent of the vote, enough to force the incumbent mayor into a May 14 runoff. As one whose career has been followed over the years in these pages, Bobby Seale has our good wishes, and for what it's worth, our endorsement.

—The Editors

Ramparts

Vol. 11, No. 12 June 1973

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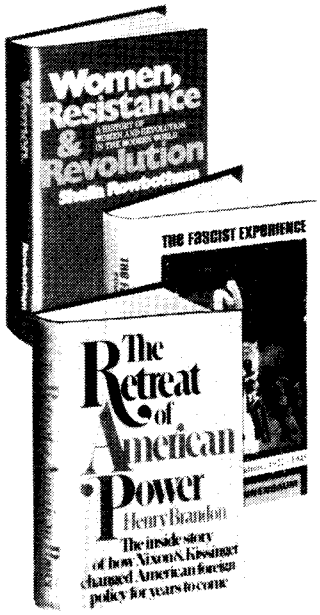

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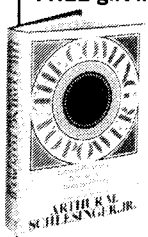

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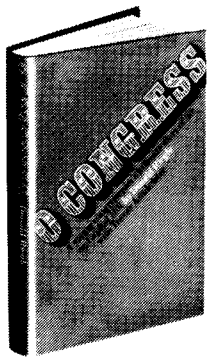

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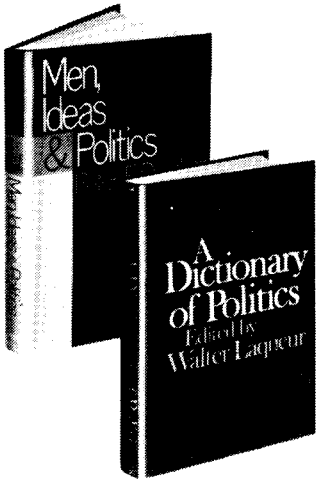

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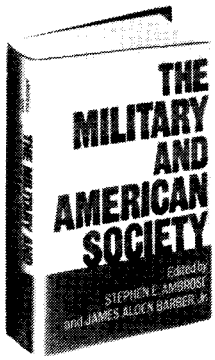

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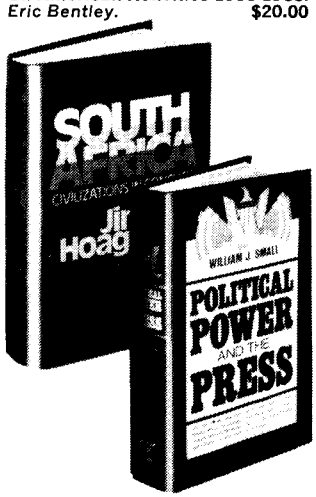

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Letters

[DEATH ON THE YARD]

Editors / My thoughts and offerings to you and your staff from the new "correctional facility" of the great sovereign regime of Ohio. I was fortunate to procure an April issue of *Ramparts* and my congratulations on the final product. I've finished reading the article "Death on the Yard" by Min Sun Yee. Unfortunately, we aren't as politically aware as our brothers in the CDC for this system has been all too successful in pitting us against one another. There are 1,100 men here now and we are all "uptight," which is to say we are all idle, segregated, isolated and dependent on the system. There have been numerous stabbings, two deaths, racial battles and a feeble attempt on our part to form a political front. The administration has locked the institution up tightly.

Your magazine is excellent. What we need here, however, is a physical force. I'm no radical and I dig the country but the penal system's got to change and possibly be erased completely.

Name withheld
State Correctional Facility
Lucasville, Ohio

[KEY 73]

Editors / You are to be praised for publishing "The Selling of the Lord 1973" (*Ramparts,* May 1973). Probably the greatest current threat to the authentic religion of the Bible–the message of the prophets and the gospel of Jesus Christ–is the phenomenon of state religion. The propaganda of Key 73 cannot succeed as authentic prophecy or even as authentic evangelism. It cannot divorce itself from its political origins, and therefore stands condemned. The danger is that it may succeed as a pseudo-religion to unify the State behind its Leaders.

The way things are going, we shall probably have to have a lot more trenchant writing on "The Selling of the Lord."

Rev. Grant M. Gallup
Chicago, Illinois

[ISRAEL AS REFUGE]

Editors / It would be regrettable if your readers absorbed Paul Jacob's article on Israel ("The View from Tel Aviv and Beirut," *Ramparts,* March 1973) without some qualifying comment. Jacobs writes well and is well informed. He is also very clever, for the unsophisticated, in concealing his bias against the existence of a Jewish state. Given that bias, all else in his piece falls into a pattern: the creation of Israel was a mistake; the so-called Palestinian Arabs have prior claims to the land legally given to the Jewish settlers by the Treaty of San Remo; hence there should not be a Jewish state, but a bi-national one.

But the holocaust changed everything with respect to a Jewish state. The Nazis, aided by some others, decided to murder all Jews–and no other country wanted them. That is the historical fact that Jacobs avoids. Jacobs must know that history repeats itself. If there is another holocaust, and Jacobs, as a Jew, must seek refuge, would he want Israel to be a nation in which Arabs are dominant?

That is what he is arguing for. His "line" is that of the Arab enemies of Israel.

Harry Barnard
Chicago, Illinois

[HOSPITALS]

Editors / Jonathan Kozol's exposé of the racism implicit in health care delivered at Boston City Hospital (*Ramparts,* April 1973) focuses too little on the causes of its intolerable conditions.

Kozol hints at, but does not squarely lay blame, on the private hospitals. The typical private hospital receives 50 percent of its income from public funds, yet feels no public responsibility. Private hospitals dump thousands of poor patients on overcrowded public hospitals; in Chicago alone, private hospitals refused admission to 18,000 people in 1970. Most were sent to Cook County Hospital; 50 died en route.

Further exposés of city and county hospitals could be detrimental if not properly focused on the causes of the problem rather than on the hospital itself. Money-starved local governments are trying to solve their hospitals' problems by selling them or closing them down. Horror stories strengthen governments' resolve to get out of the hospital business.

Public hospitals must be improved, not closed down. Though they have been justly criticized, these hospitals are the sole source of medical care for millions of people who are systematically excluded from the private sector.

Health PAC/West
San Francisco, Calif.

[BABA RAM DASS]

Editors / Baba Ram Das, nee Richard Alpert, has simply exchanged his ego-trip as Harvard professor for the ego-trip of guru. If the Baba is as serious as he says he is about getting beyond the ego, he will have to enter the great loneliness of being completely unknown, with no support whatever from books or from *Ramparts.*

A. J. Schneida
San Pedro, Calif.

[CRITICISM/SELF-CRITICISM]

Editors / I simply don't agree with your formulaic rationale that you *must* change with the times-as-they-are-changing, especially since the proofs of your alterations have so far been such crass, mindless and trite articles (Rammed Ass indeed!), which, though in themselves bad enough, become even more disturbing from the downright schizoid effect they give in the total context of the magazine, the jarring effect of its speaking on two mutually exclusive levels at once.

It is understandable for *Ramparts* to be undergoing an identity crisis now–I daresay, all we aging radicals and radical sympathizers are, in the wake of Nixon's new mandate and the sinking realization that history might not have to have a happy ending after all (contrary to the cozy scenario of the '60s)–but it is a mistake to think that courting the escapist vanities of pop "culture" or anything but more of the hard cold analytical intelligence that *Ramparts* has been justly known for will get us through to that "stormier era" which may or may not come.

Ramparts, like any other magazine, can die without going out of circulation. It is all too tempting as it is to lose ourselves in aimless self-indulgence as a means of assuaging our political depressions; you shouldn't make it any easier. What it all comes to finally is plain old integrity. Surely the unvarnished truth alone should always be enough and always relevant; so that you as a magazine should not succumb to fears of aging and, like certain people over 30, stiffen into poses of petrified youth.

Edward Tosques
San Francisco, Calif.

Editors / We can do without cute articles like the one on "Jimmy the Greek" (*Ramparts,* May 1973), which should never have been the cover story. *Ramparts* should learn how to walk the thin line between news and sensationalism in the same way it wishes to walk the line between a radical readership and a wider audience. In the long run, *Ramparts* will survive only with the support of its committed left readers. Those drawn in by commercialism will never contribute more than the price of a copy.

Laura Muraskin
New York, N.Y.

Editors / Enclosed you will be happy to find a money order for $100.00, to pay for a lifetime subscription to *Ramparts.*

In the years ahead I imagine that the gap between us will widen as we go our own ways, as friends always do. You will most likely say things that piss me off and I will write you angry letters of protest. Chances are I will end many of these letters with the same line, "You people don't know what you're talking about, I no longer wish to receive your magazine so please cancel my subscription." I hope you have sense enough to ignore this request. Keep sending *Ramparts* no matter what I say, even if every issue ends up in the trash unread, it will at least show that you haven't given up on me, even if I have given up on you.

Scott Fairbanks
FPO New York

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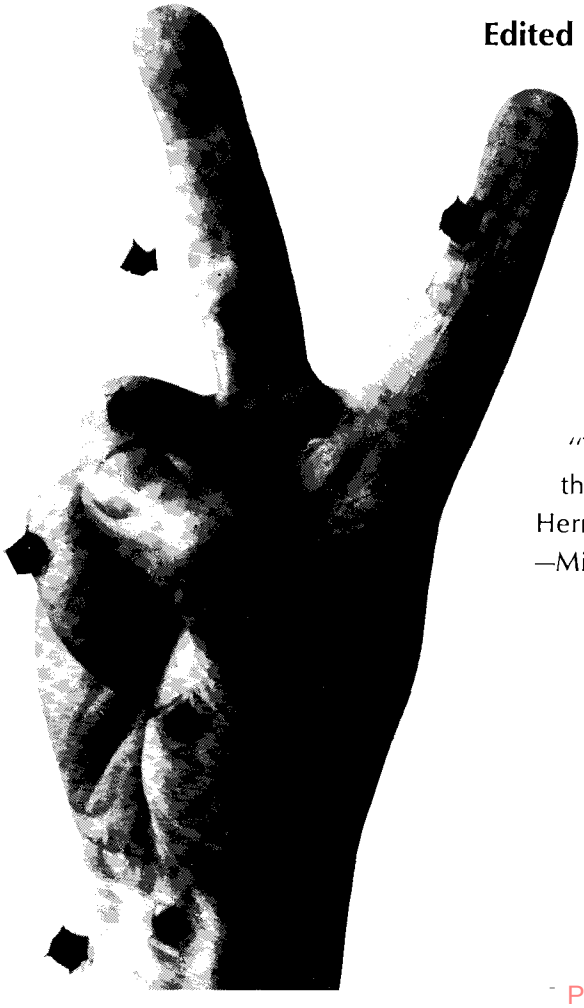

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At Home

Prisoners and Patriots: ADVENTURES IN THE P.O.W. TRADE

by Cora Weiss

By now we have been satiated with tales of torture from the returned Prisoners of War. These are men who sat out the war—feuding with each other, fighting for survival, counting ants and spiders, running in place, devising codes, tapping on walls, emptying buckets, singing, reading, painting, writing, thinking. And they have now been assigned the task of becoming posthumous heroes for a war without honor.

The tales of torture, told by less than ten percent of the returnees, emerge first, so that the exceptions—the men who had different experiences—won't make such strong impressions with their accounts of more positive treatment in the POW camps. The Administration intends to shape the conviction among the American people that the North Vietnamese are barbarians. Thus the long years of captivity, the waste of blood and resources, the devastation of a small nation, are all justified—the honorable price paid for fighting a vicious enemy. And against the same enemy, the Administration can easily justify actions to come—the halting of promised reconstruction aid and, ultimately, resumed bombing of the North.

Yet a dozen returned POWs have had the courage to speak out. Are they risking court martial, loss of benefits, ridicule, ostracism, loss of esteem? Will they tarnish the atmosphere of heroism? Will their kids be subjected to the whispers of flag-waving classrooms with the other kids virtually handcluffed in VIVA bracelets to prove they cared?

Prior to helping found the Committee of Liaison, Cora Weiss was executive director of the African-American Students Foundation.

No, they won't risk court martial. It wouldn't look good for the military to accuse one or two, when it cost millions to make them all heroes, all honorable men. Will they charge one another with collaboration? No, they won't risk that either, because the history of U.S. military law indicates that court martials brought against fellow soldiers don't hold up in court.

But these understandably angry men need a target for their hatred. If the Defense Department feels their hostility against each other won't hold up and might even prove embarrassing by tarnishing the carefully polished hero image it worked so hard to create, then a substitute target needs to be found. What better scapegoat than the peace movement, and particularly the Committee of Liaison, a small group of citizens who were strongly

DAVID FLORES

Returning POWs at Travis Air Force Base

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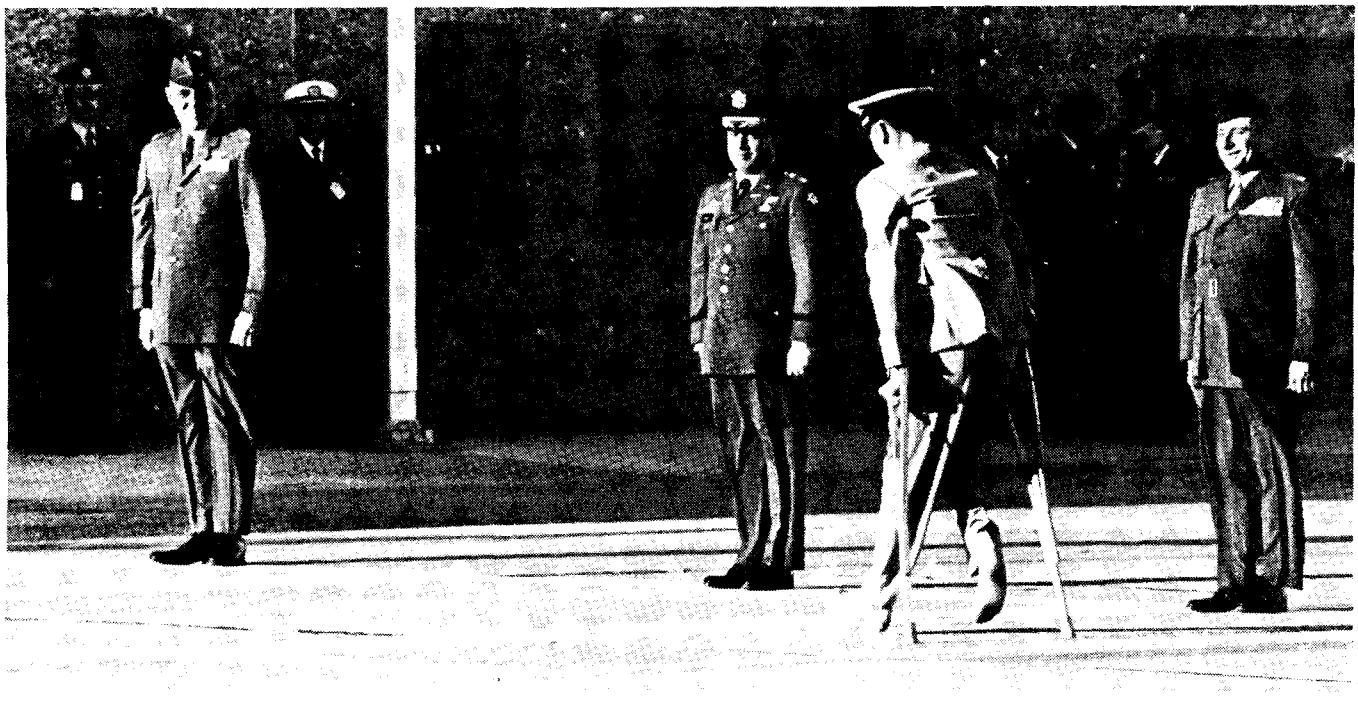

GARY FREEDMAN

against the war and who served as a source of embarrassment to the Administration during the last three-and-a-half years by providing information about and services to prisoners of war that the government could not—and thereby competing with the Administration for support from the POW families.

Of course neither the Committee of Liaison nor the peace movement generally were responsible for placing American men in Vinh, Dong Hoi, Hanoi, Thanh Hoa, the Gulf of Tonkin or other mysterious locations where they were captured and taken to POW camps. We were not responsible for destroying the Bach Mai hospital, the leprosarium, the textile plants, the schools, the huts, the rice fields, killing and maiming the babies, farmers, students, workers, or chasing the people into tunnels where they lived for years without sun, never hearing the songs of birds or playing sports. Nor did we pick the men who were sent. They volunteered, and many were so zealous about their job that they did it even when they were supposed to be grounded. They took the gamble, and some of them lost.

It all began back on August 4, 1964, when the world was told what has since been exposed as a fabricated story—namely that two U.S. ships, the Turner Joy and the Maddox, were "attacked" by the North Vietnamese. In the first "protective reaction" strike, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara sent in Navy Lieutenant Everett Alvarez to drop a bomb. Lt. Alvarez lost nine years of his life day, when he was shot down over the historic and charming village of Ha Long Bai, a village which some world-travelled Vietnamese fondly call the Eighth Wonder of the World.

Some men had unusual experiences travelling to Hanoi after their capture. Some were abused; others died of wounds or burns from the shoot down. It's war. Mark Gartley and William Mayhew, shot down by another American plane, were picked up and put in a truck for the long ride to Hanoi. They were soon joined by a third, Paul Brown, who was to become their cell mate. It took 47 days to get to Hanoi, and on 44 of them they were "under our own bombs. But we were protected. People shared food and mosquito nets with us." Other men reported sustaining injuries, not receiving any treatment and walking days, nights, weeks, months with no shoes, little food and little medication while the war blazed about them. One was ridiculed by the villagers for his afro hair style and black skin. Yet the villagers offered him cigarettes and reassured him. The war stories are pouring in now—some of them at least.

Singly or in pairs the former prisoners have appeared in well-managed press conferences that began to break at the same appointed hour on Thursday, March 29, when the last batch of pilots was flying into Clark Field in the Philippines. (Interestingly enough, some of the men in this last group would have a very different story to tell, if they could tell it. They were younger men, more recent shoot downs; Nixon B-52 men, they were called. Separated from the other prisoners in the detention camps, they were more independent because they understood more clearly than the rest the growing anti-war fever in the States.

How much were the stories of torture and deprivation exaggerated by the men out of hatred for their captors and their captivity? A UPI reporter called me for a statement and described the POW stories himself as "well orchestrated." "Are they true?" he asked. "A lot of them, probably," I answered. Others are exaggerated.

All agree that treatment policies changed abruptly around October 1969. In the two preceding years, the American peace movement had escorted back nine men from North Vietnam, including one sailor who was washed up on North Vietnamese shores (They called Douglas Hegdahl the "Innocent" because he didn't come in by air but fell off a ship and was rescued by the North Vietnamese).

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Those nine men remained in the service (some were used to train new pilots—contrary to the oft-invoked Geneva Convention) and were soon put on national road tours to relate tales of hardship which resulted in "sowing the seeds of hatred between the Vietnamese and American people." The idea was to generate a great debate about the men being captured in an effort to divert attention from the other side of the war: the thousands in body bags being shipped back from the South, VA hospitals filling up at home with neglected men lying on urine soaked beds and hundreds of thousands of vets coming back mainlining heroin, many of whom were too unskilled for the increasingly sophisticated job market.

Few today remember telegrams sent to Hanoi by Women Strike for Peace, among many others, urging "restraint in the treatment of captured pilots," when pilots were paraded in Hanoi, threatened with war crimes trials for violating the Nuremburg code ("those who wantonly destroy villages . . . shall come under the jurisdiction of the captive country . . ."). The North Vietnamese eventually dropped the idea of trials, while maintaining the pilots' guilt.

It wasn't until November 1969 that a group of leaders from the religious, pacifist, and women's peace movements gathered to draw up an offer which would be presented to the Vietnamese by Madeline Duckles of San Francisco, Ethel Taylor of Philadelphia and myself during a trip to North Vietnam following the last big demonstration in Washington.

We went to Hanoi, and the Vietnamese were ready to accept our initiatives. Mail which had been written by some of the captured men had gotten lost and been returned. Some mail from families at home made it through, but it was a trickle. Men were in camps unknown to their families. And the Vietnamese told us they would agree to discuss the prisoner issue at the peace table once there was an agreed ceasefire and settlement to the war. They steadfastly refused to separate the issue of the war and that of the POWs. Nixon, at that time, only wanted to talk about prisoner exchanges, not a peace settlement.

We returned from two weeks in North Vietnam in time to spend Christmas with our families. We landed in San Francisco with 138 letters from captured pilots. Most of their families told us it was their first confirmation of their husband's or son's capture. The Defense Department found it difficult to take the publicity that two housewives were getting and so by the time the evening television news came on, the Pentagon officially reacted that "only four names were new."

Privately, the military was not so blasé. Hungry for any information, a colonel telephoned us at our airport motel to ask if a representative of each branch of the armed forces might fly in from Washington to debrief us. I objected to such a misuse of taxpayers' money and said that we would "tell all" at our press conference the following day. The caller asked if he could send a man to the conference, and in fact a DOD man did appear, casette recorder in hand. We carefully outlined the procedure we had worked out with the Vietnamese which would enable mail to go by post if it was sent *via Moscow* to Hanoi. (All previous mail had departed San Francisco for Hong Kong, Nanning, China, and Hanoi.)

In this manner, the Committee of Liaison was established—to serve as a link between the men and their families. Mail was to go once a month on regulation letter forms restricted to simple texts about matters of family and health. Families whose husbands or sons were thought to be missing over North Vietnam could inquire as to their status, at least until that information, including news of 20 deaths, was used to justify the Son Tay "prison raid" of November 1970. At that point the Vietnamese, understandably, cut off further inquiries.

Frankly, the Committee of Liaison met with a good deal of success, the more so as time went on. Increasingly, POW families turned to us for information and advice. Frequently we received calls from Frank Sieverts at the State Department, requesting information. Everything he knew came from the Committee—names, addresses, whether there would be a release soon. Why should there be a release? Families organized into the Naitonal League of Families were upset that plain citizens could do what their government could not do and tried to dissuade next of kin from using the services of the COL. They even sent out a mailing trying to blacklist COL members in a vain effort to turn away monthly letters.

We handled the mail as well as we could, given the bombs and the absence of an international postal route. The letters were delivered by hand whenever a delegation left for Hanoi. Families were told on many occasions that there was not sufficient leeway before departures to send out notices and therefore they should have mail in the Liaison office at the beginning or end of each month and mail would be held for the next delivery. Mail never waited more than two or three weeks at the most, and in the three-and-one-third years of operation mail was delivered to North Vietnam on 50 occasions and brought back from the DRV 40 times. In this manner, over 17,000 pieces of mail were exchanged.

The Pentagon admonished next-of-kin to ignore the COL mail route, provided them with news about benefits and with cards authorizing them to mail 6.6 lb. packages through official channels. (Eventually, the government took advantage of those packages for espionage purposes. Colgate toothpaste tubes became convenient hiding places for batteries and transistorized audio equipment. Whitman's chocolates were wrapped in celluloid sheets bearing coded messages. Ivory soap cakes were hollowed out to house a writing fluid for secret replies to the messages.) At a later time, the Pentagon modified its line, however, and suggested reluctantly that families use COL to "keep the channel open."

For our part, we kept careful records of each letter that came in from Hanoi, or went out from New York. There was never a price for the service. No family was ever asked to help offset the cost or to conform to any political position. As a matter of fact, some of those who disagreed most strongly with the anti-war position of the Committee were among those who received the most mail from their husbands.

Certainly, those were difficult times for the families who endured them—limbo, as they called it. And Americans must feel a

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sense of compassion for them—sympathy for women who dated on the sly, for families who frequently moved so as not to be "found out" and badgered by curious neighbors. But we must feel a deeper compassion for the mothers and wives who now stare at the empty place at the dinner table each evening, for the kids whose paraplegic fathers can't toss a football, for the thousands of victims who did not have a giant public relations campaign to welcome them home. And what of the vets who can't find jobs? There are 40,000 in New York alone. Or those discharged with the fancy little code which tips off prospective employers that the vet is not good at "obeying military superiors?"

Two and a half million American military men were rotated in and out of the nightmare of Vietnam. Some made it out with body and soul in one piece. Many more are permanently damaged—emotionally or physically.

But when the POWs came home, nearly 600, they looked great. They had not been tried for war crimes, as the North Vietnamese had threatened in 1969, and could have done. And while one should not minimize or condone the treatment they suffered before 1969, it seems mild compared to the pain and destruction they caused.

Everything by way of gifts is being offered, it seems, except a serious attempt to understand what has happened in America since 1964. Do these men understand that the majority of the population grew disgusted with the atrocity of the Vietnam War and sickened by the shipping of men, bombs, napalm, and explosive dolls?

What about the feelings and fears of some of the POW families? The military has already warned them about the men's potential sexual impotence, noted that the men would be accident-prone, even have to relearn simple skills like crossing streets. Scared to death, some women announced plans to divorce their husgands just prior to their release. Others took the curious position that the President ought to bomb more, "finish it off even if it means he'll have to stay longer."

Some families and some returned prisoners have thought over these questions but it seems that the press, over-extended in its search for hot news, neglects to probe deeper than the Pentagon would want. How many reporters have sought out men like Maj. Hubert Flesher who said on his return that "The U.S. butted its nose into somebody else's business and President Nixon could have settled the war for the same terms four years ago"? What led him to these conclusions when so many of his campmates were returning as flag-waving heroes claiming to be joyous over the December carpet-bombings of Hanoi? Or men like Capt. Carl Chambers who tried to explain some of the harsh treatment by turning the situation around. "What," Capt. Chambers asked, "would happen if a fighter pilot bailed out over Pittsburgh and he just got through bombing some of the steel plants? If a couple of those steel honkies got him, he'd be a dead man."

Of course one tends to forget the early days of the war, the glory days when the light was at the end of the tunnel and our fierce young American warriors were tossing suspects out of helicopters at 3,000 feet, cutting off fingers, ears, fingernails and sexual organs, sometimes stringing a line of ears across the wall of a government military installation. That was before the North Vietnamese had so many American prisoners, and before the talk of a war crimes tribunal.

These POWs are no longer victims but heroes. The ploy was best explained in a recent editorial from the American Psychological Association. "It is clear," Dr. Herbert Kelman writes, "that the public context for the homecoming [of the POWs] is primarily based on political and public relations considerations. The POWs have been assigned the role of heroes in a war that has no heroes—the central role in an elaborate drama staged to provide justification for the President's policy, to create the illusion of victory and to arouse a sense of patriotic fervor. There can be little doubt that the POWs are being used for the political manipulation of the American public."

And in the midst of such media bombardment, the American public misses some things. No one paid much attention, for instance, to the group of 100 North Vietnamese prisoners returning home from the South. There were one hundred of them with, according to a French eyewitness reporter, a total of 79 limbs.

The Committee of Liaison has ceased operation. We know that the returning American POWs will be suffering culture shock for a long time. It will take months, perhaps years, for them to catch up with attitudes that evolved while they were away. We all ought to give the men time to read and learn what divided America over the war and where this nation has come and gone while they were away; time to learn to distrust the lying and vainglorious politicans who sent them to prison and kept them there instead of the peace activists who brought them out. We wish them the quiet and the courage to do this. ■

DAVID FLORES

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Abroad

The Chilean Experiment: REVOLUTION IN THE COUNTRYSIDE?

by Jose Yglesias

In creating the newsworthy, journalists reporting the Agrarian Reform program of Chile's socialist government have burdened us with false drama. Landlords beseiged, Mapuche Indians knocking at the gates of Santiago, thriftless peasants despoiling the orchards: everywhere, long suppressed passions unleashed. Not so. In fact, the *latifundios* have been ended, the big landlords have lost their exclusive hold on political and economic power in the countryside, 100,000 peasant families on expropriated lands live significantly different lives, and the hopes of many have risen, exerting pressure for greater changes. Still, Agrarian Reform has yet to prove that it can solve the problem that brought it into being. By cultivating stagnant lands and creating new relationships in work, can it increase production enough that Chile will be able to feed itself? Of course it can, say the experts, given Chile's fertile valleys; but the factors in this equation do not, in real life, fall so neatly into place. The solution to the problem in increasing production is not technical but political, and its working out does not, like peasants impatient with legalism taking over lands, provide exciting news reports.

Indeed, so much emphasis has been placed on land seizures, many of which were legalized, and so highlighted the speed with which the Unidad Popular government implemented the Agrarian Reform begun by the Christian Democrats that the government itself was surprised to learn at year's end that only 35 percent of basic hectares (a legal description I'll explain later) falls into what is called "the social area." The rest remains in private hands. One third of this 35 percent had already been expropriated by the Christian Democrats when Salvador Allende became president in 1970; then, as now, the old owners were paid, part in cash and the rest in bonds whose value could be adjusted to take into account inflationary losses. Sober facts. The Unidad Popular promised to end the latifundio; it has done this. It naturally wants socialist agricultural production and has taken some steps to lay the basis for it, but its goal is far away.

One reason the socialist government cannot organize the countryside as it would like is that the Agrarian Reform Law was not tailored to its program. It was passed in 1967 during the Christian Democratic government of Eduardo Frei, and there is no chance of its being amended or superseded. Parliament remains under opposition control, and to get its program under way the Unidad Popular can only rely on either a rigorous application or reinterpretation of the law. Even then its actions must pass the constitutional checks that two Chilean institutions, the Supreme Court and the Contraloria, can exercise. Also, more than 50 percent of the bureaucracy of CORA (the Agrarian Reform Corporation, an agency of the Ministry of Agriculture that administers the law) were appointed by the Christian Democrats; they can, perhaps, be won over, but not, under civil service, be fired.

The law provides for expropriation when the estate is not in use; when it is badly exploited; when its size is greater than 80 basic hectares of irrigated land (about 198 acres). A basic hectare is defined as the equivalent of a hectare in the valley around Santiago, which is considered, for purposes of the law, the most fertile and best irrigated. A table of equivalents for the entire country was set, and this can mean that in another section one basic hectare can equal as much as 80 hectares of contiguous land. Expropriation in most cases does not mean that the owner is left with nothing; he can keep up to 80 hectares of his choice. The Christian Democrats always interpreted this as 80; the Unidad Popular announced immediately that it could be less and has so decided in many cases.

There are exceptions. The landlord can be left with nothing if he has left his land abandoned for several years or if he owns other estates as well. He can be exempt from expropriation of up to 320 hectares if he runs a "superior" operation. This means that besides almost total utilization of his lands for agriculture or artificial pasture, he practices better-than-average scientific methods and his workers receive good pay or are involved in profit sharing. Of this last there cannot be too many cases: Chile's landed aristocracy, like most, felt it was necessary for status to own large tracts that were not to be vulgarly exploited; and the new urban middle class, as in most Latin countries, emulated the aristocracy and also believed land must be accumulated as an investment, not to be turned to profit but held as a hedge against the time when their real businesses suffered.

At the beginning of my stay in Chile, when I had yet to study the Agrarian Reform Law or talk to officials, I wandered into an estate that might well, I thought then, have qualified for exemption. But it had not; and the conversation I had with its owner can serve as illustration of the new application of the law, the complaints of the expropriated, the unexpected complications that any social upheaval brings, and the misapprehensions that an innocent American, familiar only with heated news reports, can fall into. I had decided to travel to the south on my own in my pristine state of ignorance about agrarian reform and see what I could learn without biased guidance.

After three days of talking only to peasants and finding landlords always absent, I was lucky enough to turn into the driveway of a beautiful estate, partly visible from the road, whose owner lived and worked there. The approaches to the three-story stucco and stone mansion were lined with magnificent poplars and much of the house was covered with ivy. There were outbuildings far from the house. The place was a dairy farm but these

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were not working barns; one contained a brooding oven for chickens; another, filled with baby turkeys, had overhead lights to control the heat. After we had talked, the owner took me outside and showed me the dwarf trees he was developing–a hobby–and a caged pair of small wolves native to Chile. He was an agronomist. The farm had belonged to his father but he had worked on it since he finished college; he was proud of the place and the work he had done. He was also part owner of a cheese factory in the nearest city. Obviously an enlightened businessman-farmer, he was not the target against which the Agrarian Reform Law was passed.

He owned 133 hectares and had made plans when the law was first passed to turn over the amount over 80 that the law takes over. (I am paraphrasing him.) But it was not until the Unidad Popular came into power that CORA became interested in his place. The negotiations began in 1971 and a year later (last June) he was expropriated. The law is so full of vague phrases that many injustices can occur. Take the price: it is supposed to be negotiated, but CORA waited until a few days before the year was up to set a ridiculously low price and there was nothing he could do. The land and buildings (workers' homes) that they took were valued at 2,190,000 escudos (officially 46 to the dollar; 300 to the dollar on the black market at the time) ten percent of which he was supposed to receive immediately but had yet to be paid. "With inflation at the rate it is going," he added, "it will be about enough to buy a pair of shoes." Another injustice: he was left with only 40 hectares. "The law says 80," he explained.

I was amazed. I had just that morning seen 90 abandoned hectares which had not been expropriated. "Why did they bother?" I asked. "Isn't yours almost too small an estate to go through all that legal procedure?" He paused and I was to learn a few days later why. "Yes, it is very small," he said.

But that was not the end of it. A couple of months earlier there had been an attempt on the part of the peasants to take over the 40 hectares with all its cattle, buildings–even the main house. They locked the gates at the end of the poplar-lined driveway and allowed no one in or out. They had been encouraged by some leaders of the local CORA, who were members of MAPU, a left offshoot of the Christian Democratic Party which has joined the Unidad Popular. They had their eye on the large house; they hoped to turn it into an agricultural training school. The gates were mobbed by peasants who had never worked on the place. The owner heard them say that they had calculated that without their doing a day's work the coming year the dairy farm would, as a cooperative, net them all a good profit.

The owner knew how to defend himself and he obtained a hearing on the seizure from the CORA tribunal of the zone. Here the ironies begin. The peasants who tried to take the estate are all Christian Democrats (the largest party in opposition to the Unidad Popular) and the owner gained his most important support at the hearing from the Socialists (one of the two largest parties in the government). "You believe that it is unfair for the *patron* to keep a *reserva,* with the cows and the buildings?" the Socialists asked the peasants. The peasants said yes. "But it was *you* who made the Agrarian Reform Law and the law is the law," one Socialist replied. The owner won.

Sometime before this matter was settled, CORA personnel tried to convince the owner that he ought to let the dairy farm go and join CORA himself. They would put his knowledge and experience to use. The owner said no. He believes there should have been an agrarian reform, but expropriation should have only occurred with latifundios that were uncultivated. In cases such as his CORA should have approached the owner and suggested that he allow his workers a profit-sharing partnership in the farm. As it is, he believes the shiftless have been favored and laziness encouraged. He has run his place with strict cost accounting and made it grow without a single bank loan. The *asentamientos* (the name for the newly formed farms) are given tractors, fertilizers, seeds, and each member advanced a daily stipend against future deliveries to a government distribution organization.

"No one is ever going to make them pay for these things," the owner said. "They take the money, deliver a bit of their harvest, and the rest they sell on the black market. Never have we seen so many tractors in the countryside and they drive them into town on the slightest excuse. Think of the cost of the products they produce on this basis!"

One of his friends in the area, most of whose lands were expropriated, did not lose his best workers. They elected

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to stay with him. The others were alcoholics and they now make up the majority of the asentamiento. formed with the expropriated land. "You can imagine what little work is being done there," the owner said. "They drink all the time."

The owner is a member of the National Party, the most conservative of the opposition. I asked him about the politics of his three sons away at college. He laughed good humoredly. One is a National, another a Left Christian (a party in the Unidad Popular) and another a Mirista (a member of MIR, a revolutionary party not in the Unidad Popular which organizes workers and peasants to push the government toward more revolutionary actions). I joined him in the laughter because it is MIR that has led most land seizures, particularly among the Mapuche Indians in the south. "It is their age," the owner explained, "and a passing thing."

He walked me to my car, and I told him how beautiful his driveway is. He pointed to a bare area, about half an acre long, beyond the poplars. "This was really beautiful with flowers once before I had to let it go."

He did not need to explain; we both knew that he no longer could dispose of enough workers to keep that much of a flower garden going. He walked quickly away as soon as he said goodbye, like a man with a lot to do. I did not believe he had lied to me and I did believe an injustice had been done in his case.

Back in Santiago, I learned that the government's interpretation of the "up to 80 hectares" was a valid one, as I've said earlier, so CORA had not acted illegally when it left him with 40. I also learned that prices for payment of each estate had long ago been determined. A geographer working for a UN agency pointed out to me that after one of the earthquakes of the '60s, an aerial study was done of the country by a Canadian firm, with a loan from the United States. "Some people were very exercised; they thought this was a way of giving the CIA a great deal of information about us. In any case, it was a thorough study and it is on this that valuations of all estates were based for tax purposes. They were revised each year to take care of inflation but even then the owners in the main got the valuations lowered. They cannot now complain that payment for expropriation, which is also based on these figures, is too low."

Another expert listened to my story about the owner of the dairy farm, and simply by being told the general area where he lived, deduced that the 40 hectares he had been left with were basic hectares and not a simple measurement of his total land area: outside the valley of Santiago no estate that small had been expropriated. In the dairy farm's zone the 40 basic hectares came to some 3,000 in land area. No wonder the owner had paused before he agreed that his estate of 133 basic hectares was a small one!

Nevertheless, the owner's story was full of details which indicate some of the problems that the Unidad Popular is not solving. No doubt alcoholism is one of too long standing to expect agrarian reform to influence it greatly. More amenable to change are the traditions of work on large farms; they allowed for little initiative on the part of farm workers: the patron or more usually the overseer was there to give direct and explicit orders on what was to be done. Now the workers themselves have to supply the initiative and the directives, and it is not surprising that there is so much of the dairy farm owner called laziness. I even heard of cases of new asentamientos hiring *afuerinos,* farm workers with no ties to any estate, to share-crop the land while the members of the asentamiento themselves did not work. For them the stipend that CORA advances against future harvests had become a salary—a considerably better one, incidentally, than that they earned with the patron—for which there will never be any accounting.

Estates are expropriated on the initiative of CORA or of the local peasants. (Peasants have been organized into farm unions for many years, and the knowledge of the law this association has given them, as well as their land hunger, leads them often to take action before CORA's bureaucracy does.) For a period of five years, the expropriated farms' titles remain with CORA, and the farms are organized as asentamientos or centers of production. In the asentamientos the heads of families living there run matters; in the centers of production every individual living there or working for it has a voice. Each family in the asentamiento or center of production gets a home (usually built voluntarily by the group) and one or two hectares around it for their own gardens and farm animals. The interim period before gain-

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ing titles to their lands is meant to give the peasants time to decide whether the farm will become a cooperative or state farm. The asentamientos organized under the Christian Democrats, when the law was passed in 1967, are now reaching the moment of decision.

In one of my first forays into farm country in the south I picked up a hitchhiker who turned out to be the president of an asentamiento now reaching its fifth year. I had taken a dirt road (except for the north-south central highway, almost no country road is paved, and this too constitutes a farm problem) leading west into Mapuche Indian country, my mind full of those stories of land seizures, acts of *reivindicacion* (recovery) on the part of Mapuches reclaiming lands stolen from them after the 1880s when "pacification" of the Indians was completed. My experience was more prosaic. The president of the asentamiento was a Mapuche named Rafael Curiqueo Marileo, elected some six months earlier by his colleagues in the asentamiento, who are mostly of Spanish descent. He was on his way to Cunco, a town about three quarters of an hour away by car, to ask for a third tractor for the asentamiento. The asentamiento was called Huichahue, which means in Mapuche, he said, The Place Where the Warriors Arose.

I spent the day with him, going first to the office of CORA in Cunco, then back with him to the asentamiento. He talked there to the production chief for the zone, who agreed that another tractor would be helpful. But they were scarce even though the first Soviet imports had already made their appearance. Alone with the production chief, I told him that Marileo said that the asentamiento had decided to become a cooperative but that first they wanted to have old debts renegotiated. The bookkeeping, Marileo had said, had not been done under the supervision of the asentamiento. "Right," said the production chief. "They now have their own bookkeeper and the old debts are questionable and should be cancelled."

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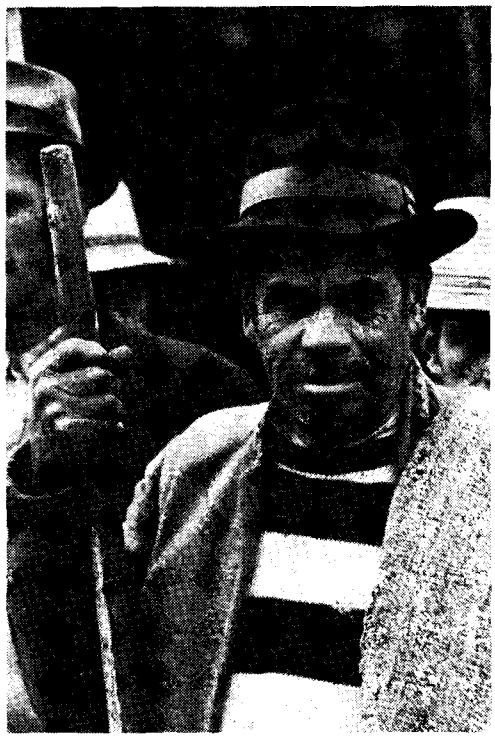
We sat in a meeting room of the building used by the Consejo Comunal of the region—an organization with legal standing with CORA, composed of officers of asentamientos—and it was full of very militant MIR posters. Some called for expropriation of land as well as equipment, with no reserves for nor payment to the patrones. "Our main problem," said the CORA man when I asked, "is that the law allows for such little participation by the peasants. The decisions all come from above—there is little that the peasants can do on their own."

What about the land seizures? "Well, they are usually in the right," he replied. "Just yesterday we heard of an asentamiento taking over 50 hectares of unused land. Just land—the patron lives in the city and he does not even have a house on it. But it is too small a piece of land to qualify for expropriation. It is across the road from the asentamiento, and because we cannot give them leave the asentamiento has simply begun clearing the land and getting to ready for planting."

I asked about the patron. "He does not seem to care—what can he say," the CORA man said. "So we are not going to do anything about it."

On the way back to Huichahue, I asked Marileo if he thought they'd get the tractor. "He said they would try," he answered; that seemed to satisfy him. "They are easier to deal with than the ones with the old government." Marileo is a tall, heavy man, and speaks judiciously. After a moment, he added, "We have to increase production. That is the way we can help the government.

He led me proudly through the pastures of the asentamiento. The work force is divided into three committees, with a chief for each, to take care of the livestock, the crops, and the general repair and building on the farm. They own 1,100 hectares, and they also work the *reserva* for the old owner, sharing its yield equally. (I found in other places too that once expropriation has happened there is little residue of ill feeling left for the patron.) Besides a small herd of cattle, they grow mostly wheat and some corn and beets. I asked what they did



about members who did not do their share of the work. "Oh, we do not have that problem. We have been together a long time," he replied. "But if anyone is absent for long, the head of his committee reports it and it is discussed at the monthly meetings of the asentamiento."

Marileo had not worked for the old patron. He had applied some years ago to CORA for work on an asentamiento and been assigned Huichahue. The next day I ran into the president of a farm only five months old; he and his brother had been the only two families working on the place before it was expropriated. It consisted of 1,900 hec- owner as a place to spend his holidays. Nearby peasants who owned tiny plots approached them to propose petitioning CORA for expropriation. That was last March, and this time the procedure took only four months, an example of the speed with which the Unidad Popular acts. The patron appealed but lost the case. The peasants gave up their tiny plots and joined the new farm.

"The patron came here immediately to live as soon as he heard," the president said, "but what argument could he use? The land had not been farmed for years. CORA let him stay until the end of this year and we just gave him another 15 days."

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"Why does he want to be around?" I asked.

The president shrugged. "I guess he likes the country, now that it is no longer his."

Not only did expropriation take place here quickly but the farm was not called an asentamiento but a *Comité de Producción,* a Production Committee. They are not going to wait five years either to make up their minds; they want to become a state farm. "It is the best way to raise production," the president said, "and we will have our own plots anyway for our own needs."

The 22 families now on the place –it is called *Campesinos Luchando* (Struggling Peasants)–had already built themselves small homes with help from CORA. At the moment I met the president, a young man in his 20s, he too was on his way to the nearest CORA to discuss matters with them. The farm had been organized too late to clear and plant much of the huge lands given it, and they wanted also to build up a herd of cattle.

I came away from my trip south having tentatively concluded that the new asentamientos needed technical help, and to get it the CORA production bureaucrats should be living in the asentamientos; that the new CORA chiefs were emphasizing state farms to the peasants in order to create a socialist agriculture rather than the small capitalist enterprises that cooperatives could eventually become; and that the campesinos all wanted titles to their lands, whether they were electing cooperatives or state farms, and there was confusion as to when they'd get them. I had heard enough stories about their selling to the black market to believe it was true but did not expect any to say so. CORA took me on a one-day tour of asentamientos near Santiago, but the guide, very unlike the PR man I expected, along with the peasants, were so direct and open that the impressions I got were not appreciably different from those I obtained on my own.

The best person in Santiago with whom to check my new knowledge was, ironically, an American: Solon Barraclough, a professor of agriculture on leave from Cornell University to FAO (the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations). He is an expert on South American land reform, and FAO lent him to the Training and Research Institute on Agrarian Reform (ICIRA), an independent organization created by FAO and the Chilean government during the days when the Christian Democrats were in power. It was from ICIRA's sober year-end report that the government had learned that the amount of land now in the social area was less than anyone thought. Barraclough is project manager of ICIRA, and has already trained a whole generation of agricultural experts throughout South America. His accent and his manner remain invincibly Yankee.

Perhaps it would be better if technical experts lived in the asentamientos, he said, but that was not essentially the problem; the peasants knew their jobs well enough. Nor did it much matter, if your goal was a socialist organization of the countryside, whether the farms became cooperatives or state farms; you had cooperatives in China which were indubitably socialist, and state farms in Yugoslavia which were more capitalist. In either case, the peasants would receive title to their small plots. The confusion, as well as the inefficiencies and shiftlessness, derived from the failure of CORA to define the rules of the game. From that, too, arose the trading in the black market–or at least made it possible.

He made the point that the desire of peasants for titles to the land is not just a "reactionary" notion, as many characterize it, but also a defense of their rights. They do not trust that subsequent governments will not attempt to take it all back. In the Mapuche country, where I'd just been, only 20 percent of the land had been expropriated, despite all the sensational stories of land seizures, but 95 percent of the latifundios expropriable because of size *had* been. Indeed, in that area 60 percent of the land was made up of *minifundos,* tiny farms, and whatever form of organization CORA introduced was bound to be more collective than present methods of cultivation.

Looking at Agrarian Reform narrowly–at how it has dealt with inequities the peasants suffered–one must judge it favorably. There has been waste and confusion and overlapping bureaucracies, but the change has come about without violence and without an immediate loss of production; a large section of the population has been socially and economically enfranchised. But more than that is expected. Agrarian Reform is the key to the government's socialist program, and has to be judged in the context of national goals. Although in 1971 and 1972 food production rose slightly, consumption increased 27 percent due to greater employment, higher salaries, and the buying fever that seems to afflict people during periods of social change. This forced the government to spend more than any previous government for food imports, almost 30 percent of consumption, something that critical dollar shortages make impossible to continue. And this year food production is expected to decrease. In any case, many items from the countryside make their way into consumers' hands through the black market. All this casts an onus on Agrarian Reform, perhaps unjustly, and shrouds it, especially in the urban ambiance of scarcities and queues, in an air of failure.

For pragmatists like Barraclough, checks and controls have to be strictly enforced. Norms must be set clearly and the peasants told that if they do not deliver what they produce to government distribution agencies, their salary stipends and credits will be cut off. What is planted and how the fertilizer is used is also important. Less sugar beets, for example, are being planted because the only customer for that is the government's own sugar plant, and some peasants give their own small plots preference when fertilizers are distributed: both evidence of intent to sell on the black market. ICIRA's year-end report said that production must increase 50 percent during the next four years to meet needs, and urged the government to make overall plans for not only production but purchase and distribution of food. The report also urged the government to create, outside the market, a method of rationing which insures per capita distribution of basic foods. In January the government announced rationing of some 30 consumer goods–among them food–and it will have to be seen

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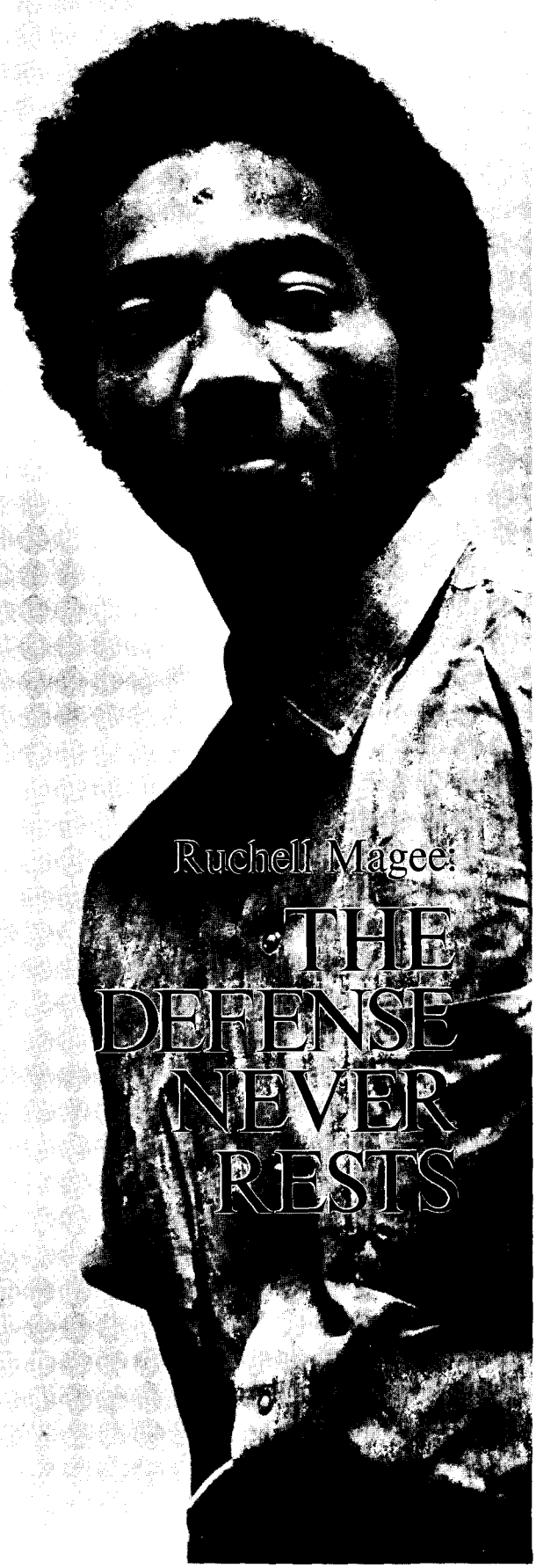

MAX BLOOM

"This is one of the reasons I fight so hard and will continue to fight with the belief I've always had. I believe one man, one man can make a difference if he's sincere." —Ruchell Magee

Only one convict lived through the shoot-out following the dramatic prison outbreak at the Marin County Courthouse on August 7, 1970. Although Ruchell Magee recovered from the gunshot wounds, he was given little chance of surviving the trial that awaited him. Following the acquittal of his celebrated co-defendant Angela Davis, he alone was left to bear responsibility for the incident, in the course of which Jonathan Jackson, two black convicts, and a judge were killed, a district attorney paralyzed, and an entire nation stunned.

The trial of Ruchell Magee developed into one of the most peculiar and expensive proceedings in California's history. In the beginning it seemed to have all the elements of an easy prosecution victory. The defendant was black, an admitted participant in the jailbreak, obdurate in his courtroom defiance; he had been convicted of attempted aggravated rape and kidnapping, and was serving a life-term even before becoming involved in the chain of events leading to the murder of Judge Harold Haley, with which he was now charged. A special environment was created that served as a constant reminder to all concerned that this case involved "dangerous criminal elements." A $15,000 bullet proof window was specially installed in the courtroom, and every day a phalanx of tactical police armed with automatic weapons showed up to look down on those observers who passed the skin search administered at the door.

After hearing over 11 weeks of testimony, the jury reached what the local press described as "a million dollar deadlock": eleven to one for acquittal on the murder count, and eleven to one for conviction on the offense of simple kidnap. Had the juror who held out for acquittal on all counts changed his vote to guilty on simple kidnap, all 12 jurors would have found Magee innocent of murder. But that one juror refused to compromise.

It was a startling victory, and no small share of credit goes to a brilliant team of defense lawyers which included Los Angeles criminal attorney Ernest Graves, who represented Magee from May 1971 to March 1972; former Novato (Calif.) mayor Robert Carrow, chief counsel; and former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark who joined as associate counsel during the last month of the trial. Sherlock Holmes fashion, they destroyed the murder charge by exhuming the body of the dead judge, calling in renowned pathologists from Vienna and Baltimore to conduct a second autopsy, and proving conclusively that Haley had been killed, not by the shotgun allegedly triggered by Magee, but by a prior gunshot wound in the chest. Likewise, they disposed of the kidnap-for-extortion count with the aid of Dr. Kenneth Clark, noted black psychologist and

Alexandra Close, a San Francisco Bay Area writer, has covered the Ruchell Magee case for two-and-a-half years.

by Alexandra Close

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author of *Dark Ghetto*. He and others argued that Magee—in his quest for freedom—lacked the capacity to form the *intent* to commit that crime, and the law requires such specific intent. All 12 jurors, it was later found, believed this argument.

Throughout the proceedings, Magee refused to allow himself to become the symbolic defendant. The trial, in its early stages, moved forward over his objections. It was a contest of lawyers around a judge, superimposed, as it were, on Magee's own legal battle. That struggle had surfaced during the two-and-a-half years of pre-trial hearings. It was the struggle of the "everyman convict"—as Magee saw himself—in solidarity with thousands of lone prisoners who had no access to law, lawyers, or outside support. It was a fight in which the events of August 7 and indeed the trial itself were mere episodes.

Refusing from the first to play the role of martyr, Ruchell Magee confounded every expectation and emerged as one of the most remarkable courtroom figures in American legal history.

Ruchell Magee was born in March, 1939, in a small town ten miles outside of Bogalusa, Lousiana—a notorious Ku Klux Klan stronghold. An only child, he never got past the 7th grade of a training school; and he was in trouble with the law before he reached the age of 14. At 16, an all white male jury convicted Magee of "attempted aggravated rape" of a white woman with whom he had been living for six months. Magee was sentenced to Angola State Penitentiary for 12 years. At the time of his admission, he weighed 96 pounds and was the youngest inmate of a prison with a national reputation for its primitive conditions. The warden decided to let him spend his first six months in solitary confinement for his own protection. Six years and eight months later, he was paroled, still maintaining his innocence, on the condition that he leave Louisiana. He moved in with relatives in Los Angeles and began a life on the "outside" that lasted less than six months.

On March 23, 1963, sheriffs deputies arrested Magee and his cousin Leroy Stewart for allegedly forcing their way into a man's car and stealing $10 from him. They were charged with robbery and kidnapping with intent to rob but Magee says that it was trumped up by the alleged victim, a certain Ben Howard Brown, as part of a three-week-old feud over a prostitute. The arresting officers beat him so severely that he was hospitalized for five days. Magee claims they had to get a conviction to prevent him from suing them.

The subsequent trial resulted in a life term for Magee and it became a focal point for his existence from then on. It is, in fact, impossible to fathom the recent Magee case without first understanding his view of the earlier one and its aftermath, for the two are inseparably linked.

At the trial, the prosecution countered Magee's story by playing a taped confession from Stewart produced by the police. Magee alone attempted to discredit it—for which he was removed from the court. Stewart's attorney used the confession in his final argument as proof that Stewart was an honest guy and should therefore be acquitted on a separate robbery charge where he claimed his innocence.

After three hours deliberation, the jury found Magee and Stewart guilty of all charges. Magee, as a prior felon convicted of kidnapping, was sentenced to prison for life.

Magee began serving that sentence with one thought in mind: to prove that the police, working in concert with the court, had framed him to protect themselves—through Stewart's confession, his lawyer's closing argument, and the willful failure of Magee's attorney to produce hospital records of the beating as part of his defense. He believed that

WIDE WORLD

Magee demands his case be moved to Federal Court, his attorney be disqualified, and he be allowed to defend himself, and then moves to disqualify judge for denying his removal rights. Ernest Graves (right) was Magee's court-appointed attorney from May 1971 to March 1972.

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the evidence he needed could be found in the trial record, particularly in the closing arguments and the sentencing, at which point he had raised the issue of the hospital records. But when Magee got his copy of the transcript as part of his automatic appeal, it excluded precisely those portions.

Under normal appeal procedures, the court provides a full transcript on the defendant's specific request. Magee immediately set out to get the excluded portions. But his efforts (personal letters, money orders, legal notices) were in vain—at one point the court reporter informed him that the portions he sought were "not for sale." Meanwhile, Magee's court-appointed attorney—too busy to answer his letters—submitted his own appeal, citing a technical error by the judge. Convinced he would win his freedom only if the full transcript were produced, Magee moved to drop the appeal. In response, the Court of Appeals notified him that his conviction had been reversed on the grounds cited by his attorney and that he would be tried again as if the 1963 trial had never happened. Though it appeared that the court had ruled in his favor, it had actually wiped out his chances of overturning the conviction on grounds of fraud.

To Magee, the new trial was merely a sham to cover up the errors of the first one. When asked to plead, he accused the court of subjecting him to double jeopardy. His intransigence won little sympathy from Judge Herbert Walker (the same man who had tried the case in 1963) and Magee soon found himself represented by a new court-appointed lawyer (his fourth) who pled him, over his protest, not guilty by reason of insanity. This time, no witnesses were called and no evidence subpoenaed in his defense. When Magee objected to the proceedings, he was gagged and beaten by bailiffs. Once again, he was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

For Magee, the only way to reverse the new conviction was to prove the illegality of the 1963 trial, and then demonstrate that the whole appellate process had been deliberately rigged to keep him from exposing how he had been framed. So he again demanded a complete transcript of the 1963 proceedings, but to no avail: in light of the reversal and retrial, the old transcript was considered irrelevant.

A frustrated Ruchell Magee waived his right to a new appeal in a handwritten message. Unlike his other motions, this one was accepted—even though it was submitted by a man deemed incompetent to waive his right to counsel during his trial, let alone enter his own plea.

Magee returned to the obscurity of prison convinced he was the victim of injustice perpetrated by the very people who were supposed to defend his interests. The transcript of the 1963 trial, he believed, would vindicate him, but for all practical purposes that transcript no longer existed. Convinced that he could trust only himself to safeguard his welfare, he plunged himself into a full-time effort to acquire a working knowledge of the law.

It became an obsession: the technicalities of the law, its substance, its relevance to him and, above all, to his fellow inmates whom he came to see as modern slaves. Over the next eight years he prepared more than 1400 legal briefs intended to bring his and other inmates' grievances before the courts. But he himself did not appear in court again until August 7, 1970, and then not on his own behalf but as a witness in support of a convict named James McClain.

McClain was charged with assaulting a prison guard, and he had chosen to defend himself rather than accept a court-appointed attorney. Magee and another convict, William Christmas, were present to testify about the circumstances surrounding the incident. (The charge, they said, grew out of the prison's effort to crush agitation against the tear-gas slaying of a mentally disturbed inmate in February 1970.) All three were taking substantial risks: McClain by relying on himself for legal representation; and Magee and Christmas by defending him against the testimony of prison guards, a choice which would undoubtedly earn them bad conduct reports when they next came up for parole hearing.

In the midst of the hearing, Jonathan Jackson rose from the audience and pulled out his guns. Magee faced a simple choice at this point: do something or do nothing. Other prisoners in the holding cell outside the courtroom chose to stay; Magee grabbed the gun and went. From the beginning, he contends, he was doing more than busting out of confinement: he had rebelled. Having failed to gain access to the courts to overturn what he saw as eight years of illegal confinement, he had no real alternative.

WIDE WORLD

Magee moves to disqualify attorneys Robert Bell and Robert Carrow to act as own counsel. They withdraw in March 1971, supporting Magee's right to defend himself. Carrow (right) returns as court-appointed attorney for the trial.

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When Magee was indicted for the August 7 incident, most assumed his primary concern would be to avoid the gas chamber, but he in fact saw this as his long-sought chance to expose in the courts the wrongs which had been gnawing at him for years. Once again he began by trying to bring the trial record of the 1963 trial before the court. "Let's subpoena the evidence," he told the court, "such as records of Magee's trial in Los Angeles, and see if there is fraud in there, or has Mr. Magee for eight years just been popping off at the lip, saying he is convicted on fraud." This record, he claimed, would tell the real story—not only what had been done to him, but how he had been prevented, year after year, from telling it. "For eight years, I have been held by fraudulent prepared transcripts ... knowingly used ... on appeal proceedings over my objections, and over my motion to dismiss appeal because I was denied the right to have a record, beaten by police in presence of their proud judge, for attempting to enforce rights ... For eight years I have been trying to get in the position that I'm in right now where someone could hear me, and now that I'm here, and there is people here in this court room, in their presence, I'm requesting the court to hold an evidentiary hearing ... and I says, if I don't prove with evidence and facts that I'm illegally enslaved on known fraud, I'm going to save the County of Marin some money. I'm going to plead guilty to a crime I didn't commit, or convict myself ..."

Nor would that record merely show the history of one man's abuse by the courts. It would go further, he emphasized, and show a corruption so systematic and pervasive that it signified an overall collapse of the rule of law itself. "I am going to show you and prove to you that the entire state of California judicial system ... don't care nothing about the little man's rights; they only concern is to commit crime after crime, commit fraud to hide fraud. A life don't mean nothing to them ... It's not just Magee but any black man that they feel they can get away with, sneak and hide and convict him through fraud and thereafter place fraud records upon him. Then, when he attempts to overcome this, he is overpowered with all types of racist restraints, falsely accused ... you will find you have hundreds of thousands of people illegally held in slavery, in jails, locked up like a dog from your lip service. ..."

This was the thrust of Magee's defense. He denied any guilt in the bloodshed (the prison guards opened fire, he said) and he insisted that his own acts, and those of Christmas and McClain, were the just rebellion of slaves. That insistence formed the cutting edge of Magee's indictment of the judicial system. In this way he hoped to force the courts to acknowledge that prisoners like himself exist in a legal vacuum—without human and constitutional rights—which the courts themselves have helped to create.

Those who understood Magee's defense assumed it would take the technical skill of a Clarence Darrow to carry it off. Magee saw it differently. From the first day in court he insisted that he was the prime mover, not the subject matter, of the defense. For eight years he had acted on the conviction that he could only gain his freedom by, for, and through himself. This conviction had grown into a sacred doctrine of self-help shared with other prisoners, and it was his belief in this principle which had brought him into Judge Haley's courtroom in this first place.

For most observers, especially lawyers, Magee's role as prime mover was incompatible with the conventional role of political defendants as symbols of larger struggles waged outside the courts. In spectacular trials, highly skilled, committed attorneys—in confronting the criminal charges brought by the state—dramatize those struggles, while their clients sit mute. In this view, the courtroom itself figures only as the arena in which certain leaders can be freed from the grip of the state.

From this perspective, Ruchell Magee's pre-trial actions were baffling. Here the chief conflict did not pit defense against prosecution but Magee against the court. Over and over, the court tried to force Magee back into his role as defendant, while his supporters tried to force him back into his role as symbol. Over and over, Magee burst out to be heard as his own counsel and insisted on the crucial importance of the courtroom for the prison struggle as a whole.

Not surprisingly, because the trial fit no conventional images of a political trial, it aroused little public mention, and where it did, Magee was depicted as a nut—an image with which many on the left concurred. Thus, Magee's refusal to accept legal representation was seen as suicidal and then there was his unending barrage of motions. Had they been couched in the polished language of a criminal lawyer, their radical departure from normal pre-trial defense tactics might have prompted legal authorities respectfully to take note. But Magee wrote and spoke as a black man from rural Louisiana, and he addressed a court which thought him so dangerous that he had to be handcuffed and chained, silenced, ignored, threatened with gags and eviction, admonished for "outbursts" if he spoke too loudly or too long. Moreover, he had no access to such simple tools as typewriters, legal paper, carbon, law libraries. In court, he disdained lawyer-like decorum, sometimes rambled, and as a result his every move looked like defiance, making it that much more difficult for observers to take his legal points seriously.

As details of pre-trial hearings began to filter out, Magee's image became fixed in the public eye. In a hearing to determine his competency to waive counsel, he sputtered behind gags of adhesive tape while the prosecutor submitted prison records showing his IQ at 75. Ordered to be silent, he insulted court officials. Asked questions by the court, he stood mute. Time and again evicted from his own hearings, he shouted, yelled, pounded the walls of his holding cell.

All this contrasted sharply with the behavior of his co-defendant Angela Davis, indicted as the registered owner of the guns used on August 7. By the time she first appeared in January 1971, Magee's news value was well-established. Now it grew as reporters relished the difference: on the one hand, the UCLA philosophy teacher who had a good shot at getting off; on the other hand, the semi-literate lifetime convict whose fate was sealed. These flashy contrasts obscured the most significant of all: Angela Davis, acting as co-counsel, scrupulously observing the rules of conduct prescribed by the court, yet consistently manifesting her disdain for the entire legal process; Magee, kicking and spitting at his attorney, yet always invoking the basic principles of equity which he regarded as the substance of the law.

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They made us many promises, more than I can remember;
but they only kept but one:
they promised to take our land, and they took it.

Wounded Knee:

THE NEW INDIAN WAR

A couple of summers ago, when passing through South Dakota, I heard that a Sundance was taking place out on the Pine Ridge reservation, and decided to drive out to see it. It was about eight o'clock on a raw summer morning when I got to the Agency near the Nebraska border. It was deserted except for a pair of priests hurrying across the street, and a reservation policeman—a large Sioux with a pockmarked face and a belly that hung pendulously over his belt—who was methodically slapping an Indian teenager in an alleyway.

Cars were pulling in and out of the Sundance grounds, kicking up clouds of powdery dust. Visitors from other reservations were camped near the parking area and crowded around trucks selling hot dogs and coffee. Walking through the area, I caught sight of the man who was going to do the dance, as he stepped quickly out of an ancient house trailer where he had been getting instructions from a medicine man now escorting him to the sweat bath. He was a former Navy flyer, an acquaintance I met there told me, and had just completed law school and set up a practice in Phoenix.

The public address system began to squawk and then a number of announcements were made by the master of ceremonies, who spoke in English and then in Sioux. He said that absolutely no cameras would be allowed; but after a hurried consultation with some men standing with him on the reviewing stand, he said that the Sundance Committee had changed its mind, and photographers could take pictures after paying a $10 fee. The drums started and old men sitting in a semicircle inside the sundance corral began to chant in a nasal drone. Then the party of dancers entered the corral, the Sundancer in breechclout and bright paint and flanked by older Indians who would guide him through the ritual. Their eagle-bone whistles made shrill noises as they advanced to the center pole and then back again.

Peter Collier's When Shall They Rest, *a history of the Cherokees, will be published by Holt this summer.*

by Peter Collier

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Pine Ridge reservation . . . .

The dancing was not like Hollywood's carefully choreographed Indian rituals. There was no fancy heel-toe work, and one of the old men was lame. It took a long time, with intervals of rest, for the Sundancer to build up his "power," and after awhile I began to listen to the conversation of a couple of young Sioux men sitting behind me. Hiding behind sunglasses, they were still a little drunk from the night before. Every so often, one of them reached inside his fatigue jacket for a bottle of red wine poorly camouflaged by a paper sack.

As they talked to each other and to friends who stopped by, I gathered that both had done a tour of duty in Vietnam and now that they were back home didn't know what to do with themselves. They talked about moving to Rapid City, about money, girls and cars. One of them had a transistor radio he nervously switched on and off. They seemed ill at ease among so many traditional Indians, and they ridiculed everything that happened with a slangy cynicism. When the dancers passed near where we sat, they giggled and called them "blanketheads" and "bad-assed Indians." In an offhanded way, I decided they were examples of the modern Indian who experiences enough of the white world that he can't go home again.

After a couple of hours of alternating dances and rest, the tempo picking up slightly each time, there was a sudden feeling of anticipation throughout the large crowd. Several women off to one side of the corral stood and made swaying movements in the direction of the former Navy man in some kind of honoring dance, and the two young Sioux behind me stopped talking and started to watch intently as the Sundancer lay down on a blanket near the center of the corral. A medicine man bent down over him and, after a series of prayers, pierced the skin on his chest with a knife, inserting a piece of bone which was attached to a long leather thong hanging down from the center pole. The Sundancer then stood up with hands behind his back and began dancing to dislodge the bone. It took several minutes, and finally he had to run backwards from the pole to break free. As this happened I heard one of the two Indians behind me release his breath tensely and say something to himself in Sioux. His friend answered, and for the next few minutes they talked seriously in their native language. As I drove off the reservation later that day I thought about them and about the attorney who had gone through this renewal ritual, and it occurred to me how hard it is to know the nature of the complex ties that bind an Indian, any Indian, to his people.

This feeling came back again as I watched the news reports from Wounded Knee and realized how easy it would be to believe that the siege occurred only because of an identity crisis on the part of the young, educated militants of the urban-based American Indian Movement. When they first took their hostages, streaked warpaint over their faces, and then dared the federal officers encircling them to come

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Home of the Oglala Sioux

ahead and finish the genocide left uncompleted at this same historic site 80 years earlier, the assumption was that it was another symbolic protest—against time and fate, against what the white man sees as the inevitability of history. We were invited to believe that they were playing the Indians they could not be in real life; and it was almost as if white officials were flattering this delusion by adopting a ritual language of their own. "I'm very impressed with your warriors and with this religious ceremony," said the Justice Department negotiator who smoked a peace pipe in the AIM tipi, "and I pray to my father in heaven that the agreement we are about to sign is not empty words. I commit myself and my government to the extent that these promises will be fulfilled." The only thing he omitted was the time span by which such agreements had been bound in the past: as long as the waters run and the grass grows.

But when these young Indians brandished their rifles and told newsmen, in the manner of their ancestors, that it was a good day for dying, it was not theater. They were indeed ready to die. Not because of their past history, not because of cultural break-down, and not even because of the substantial grievances of their Sioux supporters at Pine Ridge. Wounded Knee happened for a very clear reason: the federal government had turned its back on extravagant promises it had been making to Indians since 1970; it had subverted attempts to reform Indian policy and had allowed Indian affairs to lapse into a cruel paralysis. For the past year reservations all over the country have been concerned as never before that time was running out. And thus if AIM's action was symbolic, it was primarily because it was undertaken with all Indians in mind.

Whether or not it was guided by Daniel P. Moynihan's celebrated advice to emphasize Indians while practicing "benign neglect" on blacks, the Nixon Administration came to office filled with expressions of high purpose for the "first Americans" and with the best chance in 20 years to do something about their "plight." On July 8, 1970, in a message that caught the eye of Indians all over the country, if not of the general public, the President said, "We are proposing to break sharply with past approaches to Indian problems. In the place of a long series of piecemeal reforms, we suggest a new and coherent policy. The Indians of America need Federal assistance—this much has long been clear. What has not been clear, however, is that the Federal government needs Indian energies and Indian leadership if its assistance is to be effective in improving the conditions of Indian life."

Coherent policy, continued federal assistance, an emphasis on the tribes' own priorities—all these ingredients, however obvious their necessity may have seemed, was exactly what had been lacking in Indian affairs. Their mere mention by a President made Indian people all over the country take

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heart. For the first time there was a feeling that the time was right for a dramatic break with the status quo that had dominated Indian affairs since the military phase ended with the 1890 massacre at Wounded Knee and Congress had taken over where the War Department left off, establishing a tradition of legislative disaster that neatly paralleled the disaster of war. Within this tradition even apparently innovative programs were doomed to waste most of their impetus rectifying failed legislation of the past. The New Deal's 1934 Indian Reorganization Act, for instance, had been largely an effort to undo the miseries caused by the Dawes Allotment Act. And in a similar sense, the liberal approaches of the 1960's were an attempt to sift through the legislative chaos of the previous decade.

The tone of contemporary Indian policy had been set in 1953 with passage of House Resolution 108. The name was innocuous; the provisions were not. This bill announced Congress' intention to "get the U.S. out of the Indian business" once and for all by terminating the federal trust relationship that protects (in theory at least) the Indians' land and resources. This legislation was soon going by the ominous name of "termination," semantics never having been the strong suit of the Indian affairs establishment which, in 1955, initiated a companion policy of enticing Indian families from the reservation into the "mainstream" of the big cities and called it "relocation."

Termination meant basically that Indians would no longer have the special relations with the federal government which had begun as the price of military conquest but had developed into the central aspect of their tribal identity. They would be forced to take their land in individual ownership, a scheme that had been tried in the past with disastrous results. And within a few years the first victims of Termination—the Menominees in Wisconsin and Klamath in Oregon—were being widely studied by anthropologists interested in the process of social disintegration.

As the terminated tribes were plunged into social and economic chaos, Indians began to fight back. They used the usual channels such as the National Congress of American Indians, but they also created an ad hoc movement. By 1958, the Department of Interior felt enough pressure to make the sheepish announcement that in the future no tribe would be terminated by fiat. This did not mean, of course, that heavy-handed attempts would not be made to win a voluntary consent in the future, but it did give the tribes a breathing space from a process they had come to see as cultural genocide.

When the New Frontier breezed into office and announced that termination, voluntary or not, had no place on its agenda, there was still a feeling of caution among Indians, who, as Alvin Josephy has noted, had been so wounded by the previous decade that they had developed a "termination psychosis." But Indian affairs had been caught up in larger social currents. As the Vietnam War escalated, those who fought their way through the myths of American history for precedents "discovered" the Indian. The counter culture discovered him too, as did liberal politicians in search of a symbolic constituency. Soon an Indian renaissance was building up, as it had at other historical moments when the nation was undergoing an identity crisis and needed a touchstone to evaluate the changes that were taking place.

As if to prepare for the legislative program of the Great Society, grim stories about the "plight" of the Indian were filtered into the public consciousness: Indian students being chained and beaten at Chilloco and other of the infamous BIA boarding schools; Rosebud Sioux families huddled together in the dead of winter in gutted automobile shells; Navajo sheepherders being robbed of a whole year's income by the white traders who had the run of their reservations; Shoshone youngsters at Fort Hall, Idaho, hanging themselves in local jails as part of a terrifying epidemic of teenage suicide.

In a way, such tales seemed like the sort of thing that happened in underdeveloped countries. And in a program similar to the Alliance for Progress' approach abroad, there was a new emphasis on community and economic development. Thus OEO, CAP and EDA joined BIA on the Indian's list of familiar acronyms. And if Indian people were never quite sure about such terms as human resource development, they still appreciated the housing projects, headstart programs, and health clinics that began to appear on their reservations.

Some of these programs were destined to fail. But even when this happened, the Indians were no worse off than when they had begun, which was rare for an encounter with the white bureaucracy. But there were some significant successes. Those programs involved with legal aid often succeeded so well that they became the targets of enraged state and local governments that had been used to being able to manipulate the Indian and his property at will. Water rights were restored, stolen property was recovered, and white predators, who had habitually written usurious installment purchase contracts with unwitting Indians, were punished. Even though the changes were often almost imperceptible, the quality of daily life on the reservation improved. And not least in importance among the developments of this era was the fact that Indians started getting together to make demands on the government instead of leaving things to the task forces and commissions the Department of Interior was in the habit of calling together once or twice each decade to decide on Indian priorities. In 1960, the first militant organization, the National Indian Youth Council, had formed. By 1964 the Washington fish-ins were taking place, the first in a series of protests that would become increasingly militant until they brought the Indians back to Wounded Knee.

Yet by proposing the notion that the Indian was no more than a composite portrait of the grim statistics of his daily life (four times the national average in infant mortalities, 44 year life expectancy, an average per-family income of less than $2000, etc.), the Great Society was deluding itself. For these statistics and the very real human suffering they concealed were but the symptoms of a disease, like cancer, that the government didn't want to mention, let alone come to grips with. For one thing, there was the Bureau of Indian Affairs itself—not only the most miasmic bureaucracy in all government, but one whose institutional self-interest had been shown time and again to be opposed to those of the Indian it allegedly served. There was also the

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Iroquois delegation leaving Wounded Knee

administrative structure in which the BIA existed: as a low-ranking agency within the Department of Interior, having to compete (when it bothered to try) with Reclamation, Forestry, Mines and other, more muscular bureaus whose activities infringed on Indian land, water, timber, and other resources, all of which continued to hemorrhage at an alarming rate.

And so when the Great Society foundered on Vietnam and sank out of sight, there was not the nostalgia among Indians that there was among whites. Democrats from resource-hungry Western states overseeing Interior committees and appropriations had never admitted that they understood the quintessential conflict of interest that worked so greatly to the Indians' disadvantage, much less acted to resolve it. (A favorite panacea of the Democrats, and one which showed their naive insistence that what was involved were human resource problems, was to move the BIA from the Interior Department to Health, Education and Welfare, a move which Indians saw as another, more subtle form of termination.) The Democrats were genuinely concerned for the Indians' well-being, but they were hungry for their lands as well. It was a conflict, like others plaguing the Indians, that was unresolvable. It had long roots in history. Even Jefferson, the enlightened father of the Democratic Party, had envisioned an America built on the broad shoulders of yeoman farmers, and whose land could they till except the Indians?

Still, it was strange that the Nixon Administration, so colorless in other areas, should have been a center of excitement regarding Indians. Nonetheless, by the time that he delivered his 1970 message on Indian policy, the President was also able to propose measures that would have gone far toward confronting the basic problems in the Indian's relationship to the federal government. He asked Congress to create a position of Assistant Secretary for Indian and Territorial Affairs that would have clout inside Interior, and an Indian Trust Authority that would act as potent advocate when the inevitable conflicts of interest arose between the Indians' resources and those of the general public.

But it was in the area of the Indian bureaucracy itself that real progress seemed to be taking place. Secretary of Interior Walter Hickel (in what one insider called "one of his capricious moods") ordered the BIA "cleaned out" in mid-1969. While happy to see the dismissal of administrators identified with bankrupt policies stretching back to the Eisenhower era, Indians, always suspicious of Hickel because of his dealings with Alaskan natives when he was governor, were taken aback when several known progressives were passed over for the job of Commissioner of Indian Affairs in favor of a virtual unknown named Louis Bruce. Indian militants especially (some of whom would soon seize Alcatraz Island and present the new Commis-

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY CAMILLA SMITH

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HOW THE U.S. WENT BANKRUPT

There was panic on Main Street as meat prices skyrocketed and the specter of hunger—if not famine—began to loom large: "Why?" people asked. "Acts of God," came the official reply. Now it is safe to bet that whenever God gets the blame, the real culprit must be close at hand.

The United States is bankrupt. It has committed the classic error of borrowing short and lending (or investing) long, the absolute precursor to bankruptcy, for short-term debts can not be paid out of long-term assets, as every bankrupt knows. America has $60 billion in net overseas long-term investment, largely financed out of a net favorable balance of some $90 billion on international trade accounts since World War II. The best estimate I can make of U.S. liabilities to foreign banks and treasuries in March 1973, is some $65 billion, principally short-term debt. (Rep. Henry Reuss of the Joint Economic Committee estimates them at $90+ billion.) In addition there is an unknown amount rumored in the range of $70-80 billion, of Eurodollars and Asiadollars (including pyramiding of short-term, international, private, bank-to-bank loans) floating around the word as brigand money, raiding currency after currency and driving the dollar into two devaluations within 14 months.

The amount of U.S. bankruptcy no longer matters; whether the foreign official debt is $65 billion or $90+ billion is simply a numbers game. America cannot meet its overseas debts—except by new debt and so ad infinitum—whatever their real amount.

The reason for American bankruptcy, however, matters very much. For since the end of World War II the United States has spent $77 billion in direct overseas military expenditures over and above the cost of the wars in Korea and Indo-China. Most of this $77 billion—unlike the money spent in actual warfare—has translated into all sorts of short-term debts and obligations upon the U.S., debts which cannot be paid out of long term assets. Moreover, since the end of 1970 and for the first time in this century, the U.S. has fallen into deficit in her international trade accounts. This is why the United States is bankrupt. She cannot pay her official overseas debts out of her private long term overseas assets. And it is this bankruptcy which has provoked the inflation now wracking the country.

The inflation is a long-delayed effect of the progressive mistrust by foreigners of the value of the dollar—caused by U.S. military spending overseas and at home. With its international credit impaired, the government must seek to strengthen the dollar overseas by a conservative, deflationary reduction in federal domestic spending. But deflation brings with it poverty and unemployment, and the government is then forced by the domestic situation to increase federal spending to alleviate public distress. A deflationary policy is thus self-contradictory in the eyes of foreign central banks unless the dollar is already of unassailable integrity in foreign exchange markets. This in turn requires full convertibility of the dollar into gold among central banks, a situation ruled out by the circumstances. The Nixon Administration has declared an embargo on gold payments.

The gold embargo happened this way. International gold speculation accelerated in 1964 when the value of the U.S. gold stock, at $35 per ounce, fell below foreign official short-term claims upon it. The United States thereupon induced the six active European members of the London gold pool not to buy or sell gold at other than $35 an ounce, and not to purchase or sell gold except among central banks. The immediate effect was to establish two prices for gold: $35 per ounce at the official rate and an unknown price, above $35 per ounce, in the private, unofficial markets outside the United States.

This was mere whistling up the wind. The actual (unofficial) price of gold continued to rise above $35 an ounce, and drainage of the U.S. gold stock compelled the United States in 1971 to embargo all further payments in gold, even to central banks. At last the dollar had become a paper currency backed by paper, with no gold cover at home, and repudiation of gold indebtedness abroad. The stage was fully set for a major inflation.

Two points must be made. First, that evolution of the dollar towards a paper currency backed by paper was long predictable, and was predicted.* Second, acknowledged international bankruptcy by the United States—de facto repudiation of her foreign obligations—made devaluation of the dollar inevitable. Two devaluations followed, and we are far from the end of devaluation of the dollar. What the dollar is

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* By me, for example, in *American Dollar in Jeopardy: Can Flight of Gold Be Halted?* originally in *A Strategy for American Security*, New York, 1963. Reprinted in *The War Economy of the United States*, Seymour Melman (ed.), St. Martins Press, New York, 1971.

by Terence McCarthy

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really worth is anybody's guess but it is certainly not worth 1/42 ounces of gold. The best measure we have is that public sales of gold in Europe and Asia are now at prices of $90 an ounce or more. Japan has removed prohibition of non-official gold imports and has issued licenses to industrial users of gold to report an initial 40-50 tons at the open market price, i.e., $100,000,000 or more. Gold bars can now be purchased in Japan's department stores.

We are thus witnessing a flight from the dollar abroad. Even after the recent 10 percent devaluation of the dollar, more than $2.7 billion was flung on the German foreign exchange market on the single day of March 1, 1973. The size of this inflow, even after the dollar had been devalued, convinced the Bundesbank that it was no longer possible for Germany to support the dollar. Germany had given such support zealously in all past times of need.

Thereupon all foreign exchange markets were closed and remained closed for 17 days. During this period the leading banks of Europe erected barriers against further unwanted inflows of hot dollars.

This was an epochal event. It was the first time in modern history in which virtually all foreign exchange transactions were suspended, except during wartime. Moreover, it spelled the end of U.S. monetary hegemony over Europe and Asia. Henceforth, the United States must conduct itself as a bankrupt, not as the world's monetary dictator.

When the foreign exchange market reopened, with temporary stability, raiding the dollar took on the form of commodity speculation in the United States. The multinational corporations, the private international banks, and the personal speculators in foreign exchange had had their profit opportunities from raiding currencies closed down overseas. Even though they act separately, the speculators constitute, in reality, a single force in the world—and they had already begun to turn their attention from currency raids abroad to profit opportunities in commodities futures in U.S. markets. They began to reap their profits not by driving upwards the exchange values of foreign currencies but the future values of U.S. products. It was not from foreign central banks that they now profited but from American consumers and industry. In this country, prices of raw materials and produce began to soar. The profits of the international speculators were now filched from the shopping baskets of the American people.

With controls removed from prices under Phase 3 of the Nixon program, this process accelerated. The international speculators' profits in U.S. commodities became as assured as had been their profits in foreign currencies. The raids on commodities proved enormously profitable. The spot price of the Dow-Jones Index of 12 commodities on March 19, 1973, was 204.21 compared with 153.71 a year earlier, an advance of about 33 percent per year. Cocoa, on a year-to-year basis, had advanced 64 percent by March 23, 1973; coffee, 37 percent; copper 14 percent; corn, 30 percent; cottonseed meal, 47 percent; large eggs, 51 percent; rubber, 76 percent; soybeans, 78 percent; and so on. These price increases are, as Pierre Rinfret has insisted, outright gouging. In Japan, be it noted, the government is now investigating Mitsubishi and other giant multinational Japanese corporations for cornering the markets in lumber, copper, grains, etc. through their trading in commodity futures.

Ominously, recent price increases reflect, by and large, not so much shortages as the expectation by businessmen that the dollars they get today from the sale of products will represent smaller purchasing power six months hence, and still less a year from now. The businessman is trying to compensate himself today for the inflation he foresees tomorrow. In so doing, he is himself creating and accelerating inflation because he has as little faith in the dollar as have foreigners.

Federal statistics as to the cost-of-living index no longer have meaning. Buying patterns have changed so profoundly in recent months that the weightings employed, item by item in the index, no longer approximate costs of consumer purchases. Two months ago, in retail stores, the price of boned chicken breasts was 99 cents a pound, and then, in one week, rose to $1.99 a pound. The largest proportionate price increases at retail have been in the low-priced, high-protein substitutes for meat. It is pointless to cite statistics; they are out of date as soon as written. The housewife knows far better than I how, as price patterns changed, her buying patterns have been compelled to be erratic, unfamiliar, and frightening.

What she does not know, however, is that her interests and those of the farmer are absolutely identical in this inflation, and the antagonism which has grown up between them is politically disastrous. It is in the trading in futures and in the processing, packing, transportation, wholesaling, and retailing of provisions that price gouging has occurred—not at the farm level.

However a series of natural events combined with bureaucratic stupidity had already created conditions which made meat price increases inescapable. These natural increases could not benefit the farmer and must injure the consumer. The facts—heretofore somewhat obscure—must be known if a rallying of political forces to damp down the inflation and to stamp out the profiteer is to take place. First there was an unforgiveable error by the Department of Agriculture some three to five years ago. A new variety of corn of exceptional yield was permitted to be sown. But this new corn was not blight resistant, a fact which could and should have been established before its marketing for seed purposes was allowed. There followed, in 1970, blighting of the corn crop in this country.

Simultaneously, because of weather conditions, the North African peanut crop failed, as did the sunflower crop of Eastern Europe, and the maize and wheat crops in parts of the Soviet Union. Nature conspired with human stupidity to spread throughout the world a dire shortage of vegetable oils essential to human survival and to the feeding of livestock. The effects upon the American farmer were immediate. Hogs were slaughtered as the price of corn increased, reducing pork production by 1972 year-end more than 20 percent below its mid-1971 amount. Hog farmers dared not keep their animals as corn prices rose. The first phase of a natural cycle of meat price increases had set in.

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A VEGETARIAN MANIFESTO

Tonight on the evening news I heard a cattle raiser explain the high price of meat as the result of a "protein shortage." By the same sort of reasoning one might attribute the sinking of the Titanic to a super-abundance of water.

Perhaps, in these times, we ought to expect a certain amount of fuzzy thinking about meat prices, and certainly the spokesmen for agribusiness have good reason to confuse what dollars can command with what bodies need to function. The truth, however, is another matter. America faces no "protein shortage." On the contrary, we are a nation consuming well beyond our protein needs with a diet geared to a protein source that is the most protein-costly of all to produce–namely beef.

Currently most Americans eat two times their recommended daily protein allowance. In fact, we could *reduce* our livestock population by one-quarter and still provide every single American with one-half pound of meat and poultry every day of the year. This is enough to supply every person's recommended protein allowance in meat and poultry alone–with no help at all from milk products, eggs, cereal products, nuts and beans, which presently provide more than half of our daily protein. But perhaps most surprisingly, *we could completely eliminate meat, fish, and poultry from our national diet and still ingest our recommended daily protein in all the other high protein foods we eat regularly.*

Heavy meat consumption is presently common to all but the poorest fifth of the American population. On the average, Americans in the lower 50 percent of family levels eat more than a half pound of meat and poultry each day. This is enough protein to supply an adult's daily allowance entirely by itself. Individuals in families with incomes in the upper 50 percent eat on the average a *whole pound* of meat and poultry daily.

Since protein cannot be stored in the body and since we can only use a limited amount to replace the small amount that is broken down and excreted every day, what happens to all this extra protein? It is, quite simply, wasted. Our bodies cannot use the excess as protein but instead convert it into energy-giving fuel as if it were carbohydrate. For many Americans the last vestige of our Puritan heritage is the belief that throwing away food is a sin; yet few realize that our very consumption pattern means we are "throwing away" that most precious of all human nutrients–protein.

For most of us meat is no longer a luxury but a staple we demand and expect. Steak on a week-day night is part of the American dream. Yet throughout man's history a carbohydrate has been the "staff of life" (be it bread or rice) and animal protein (be it fish or meat) has played a purely supplementary role. This is the pattern that correctly reflects the body's nutritional needs as well as the earth's capacity to support Man as an ecological dominant.

Well over a hundred years ago, the earth's population increased beyond the point at which it could conceivably be supported by a meat-centered diet. Such a diet requires three and one-half acres of arable land per person. But according to most estimates, the earth now offers only *one* acre of agricultural land per person. One acre per person is not enough for meat in the volume to which we are accustomed, but it is adequate to provide a fully nutritious plant-centered diet–*if the land is shared equally.*

As it happens, however, we Americans do not have to face up to this reality. To us, plant-centered diets are what "yet to be developed" peasants or young "food freaks" deserve to eat. We are permitted this myopia partly because our soils and climate produce an unparalled agricultural wealth. More important, American economic, military and political power prevents other peoples with real food needs from making effective demands on our protein wealth and at the same time allows us to make demands on *their* resources to inflate our own bloated diet.

This we do, for example, by importing almost 40 percent of all beef in world trade. Although the amount of meat we import seems small (8 pounds per capita annually), this portion would represent a 50 percent increase in present meat consumption in the poor nations of the world. It would, moreover, provide an appreciable portion of the minimum daily protein allowance for many of the world's hungry.

Ironically, much of the meat we import comes from the poorest countries in Central America, which do, in fact, face a "protein shortage." The U.S. government, for its part, controls the influx of meat as a safety valve against rising prices. Beyond these tragic absurdities, the trade has a devastating effect on the land economy of food production in the poor nations. Tom Bodenheimer has reported, for example, that Costa Rica once had a "relatively well-developed milk industry with a per capita consumption of 0.85 pounds per day ... but because of the recent U.S. policy to import beef from Central America, Costa Rican milk farmers are leaving the dairy industry in order to raise more profitable beef cattle. Thus Costa Rica's milk produc-

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France Moore Lappé is the author of Diet for a Small Planet *(Ballantine Books, 1971).*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE WOLFE

by Frances Moore Lappé

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tion is dropping, and the future of the industry is in doubt."*

The U.S. is also a leading importer of seafood–fully as valuable a source of protein as meat. More than one-quarter of all fresh and frozen fish and about one-third of all shell fish in world trade is directed into the American marketplace. (Recall that we represent only six percent of the world's population.) Many of these protein riches come from poor countries like India, Panama and Mexico. When it is available, we import enough fishmeal (containing about twice the protein as the same amount of meat) from Chile and Peru to meet the protein requirements of the Peruvian population for an entire year.

While America thus absorbs protein from the underdeveloped countries, it does not return it as protein-rich food. In fact, most of our food exports go to the wealthy areas–Europe, Japan and Canada. We currently ship three times more agricultural products to Europe than to Latin America and Africa *combined.* Of the ten leading U.S. agricultural exports, four–hides, tallow, cotton and tobacco–are not edible at all, and of the remaining six, only two are high in protein–nonfat dry milk and soybeans. Most of the soybeans go to Japan, Western Europe and Canada, where they are fed to livestock. As for the one million tons of protein imported annually by the rich nations from the poor nations, much if not most of it comes from the soil of the underdeveloped world and goes into the mouths of European livestock in the form of high-protein seed meals like that made from African peanuts.

In this regard, Americans benefit from the historical relationships of colonialism, according to which the poor countries become "hooked" economically on growing luxury crops for export to the rich. In many poor countries most of the best land is used to supply us and the rest of the rich world with such items as cocoa, coffee, tea, sugar and bananas, and with industrial goods like rubber and jute.

For the poor countries this pattern means more than economic dependency and usurpation of needed agricultural land. As a West African agronomist put it, "With every ton of cocoa exported, there goes out also a big chunk of African land fertility which must be replaced by chemical or other fertilizer." Conversely, with every such ton America imports, there comes in a big chunk of land fertility which relieves the pressure on U.S. resources. If it were not for access to the agricultural products from the poor, we would be forced to use our *own* land to produce substitutes and thus have less to devote to our own overconsumption.

Under these circumstances we can afford to make the American Way of Eating the most resource-squandering diet of all, and it is not by coincidence that our diet is centered around beef, the most resource-expensive way to meet man's need for protein. In fact, over the past ten years we have increased our dependence on beef, so that now we each eat 32 pounds more beef per year than we did a decade ago (on the average, of course). It so happens that for every pound of beef we eat, some steer has been fed over *21 pounds* of protein. (Other livestock, e.g., poultry, are more efficient in converting plant protein into meat protein.)

* **Tom Bodenheimer, "Food for Profit,"** *NACLA Newsletter,* **Vol. 5, No. 3, p. 8.**

Given that meat, and particularly beef, is not a luxury but a staple we demand in excess of all need, it should come as no surprise that we are willing to devote most of our agricultural production to its supply. Not only do we use *one-third* to *one-half* of our continental land surface for grazing but we feed 86 percent of all of our corn, barley, oats, and grain sorghum and over 90 percent of our non-exported soybean crop, to livestock. We feed about 42 percent as much wheat to animals in this country as we eat ourselves. And we give livestock the benefit of large quantities of highly nutritious wheat germ and bran which are considered impurities in the milling process.

American generosity, they say, provides hungry children around the world with milk. But the ads neglect to point out that we use twice as much milk to feed animals as we export abroad for *all* purposes including "charity." Ironically, the protein that is produced in livestock as a result of this feeding is of lower quality than the original milk protein the animals are fed. (That is, one gets about 12 percent *more* if he eats milk protein than if he eats the same amount of beef protein.)

Totalling this up, we can say that of all the crops produced on our agricultural land, *half* is fed to livestock. That amounts to an incredible waste: about 20 million tons of humanly edible and nutritious protein are fed to livestock yearly in America and only about 2 million tons get back to the American people as meat on their plates. The rest, about 90 percent, is irrevocably lost and constitutes almost the entire protein deficit of the world each year!

This really makes no sense at all, and it would not be too outlandish to suppose that our willingness to so concentrate on meat production and pay any price for it suggests something more than a liking for the taste. We seem to have deified meat, and created a theology to go with it. We have become disciples of the Great American Steak Religion, in the words of a European friend of mine. And, as true believers, we hold tenaciously to certain tenets of this religion on faith alone–for example, that there is nc substitute for meat, or that meat is essential to good health and strength. Recently a hearty-looking young man said to me, "A vegetable diet might be OK for you because all you do is sit around the house all day" (not true, I thought, but best take one issue at a time!). "But," he protested, " I couldn't make out on that stuff. I'm an athlete. I need lots of *meat* protein." Now, in fact, it is much more useful and accurate to think of *all* food proteins–meat and vegetable–as part of a continuum related to their quantity and usability. Then meaningful comparisons can be made.

- *Quantity*: how much protein by weight the food contains. Most people think that meat is *pure* protein and thus richer in protein than any other food. Actually meat is only about 25 percent protein. Certain non-meat foods have more protein than meat–soy flour and Parmesan cheese, for example. Other non-meat foods such as peanuts and dry beans have about the same amount of protein as meat, while others–grains and milk, for example–have less protein than meat.
- *Usability*: how closely the amino acid pattern of the

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Beefed Up:

DRUGS IN THE MEAT INDUSTRY

The average American consumes about 215 pounds of meat and poultry annually, most of it—at least 85 percent—from animals pumped and primed with any number of 2700 various drug compounds. It wasn't always this way, not even 20 years ago. But now we're told that raising and eating "good, economical meat" is impossible without food additives. If you think there's a drug problem on the city streets, visit your local chicken house or cattle feedlot.

by Daniel Zwerdling

If the wind is right and the sun is out, you can smell a feedlot from about four miles away. That's because thousands, sometimes hundreds of thousands of cattle are packed shank to shank in more than three inches of manure chomping and defecating until the ax falls. A brief life and a long journey. The feedlot is the end of a death odyssey that begins when the cattle turn one year old and weigh about 500 pounds. First, farm hands herd them from the open range into trucks and boxcars for the long haul to a commercial feedlot where, panicky with hunger and stress, the animals are prodded off the vehicles and forced to swim through a tank filled with pesticides to cleanse them of worms and flies.

Then they're packed into a pen, maybe 400 head to an acre. They'll spend the next four months there getting fat. To ward off any ill effects from their harrowing trip, called "shipping fever," the cattle munch high doses of antibiotics for a few days—as much as 1000 mg. per head of streptomycin and penicillin mixed in with the grains. Day in and day out, several times a day, the feed trucks rumble by, relentlessly dumping tons of starchy high protein grains in the long feed bunks. The farmers call it "force feeding" because the cattle have nothing to do but look at the food and eat. The steers consume 30 pounds a day and gain about three pounds of muscle and fat. But just to make them fatter, pellets are shot in their ears filled with diethylstilbestrol, or DES, a female hormone which relaxes their muscles and loads them with moisture and fat. The drug companies claim DES makes cattle 10-15 percent fatter on 10-15 percent less feed.

Female heifers, who account for a third of the cattle in the feedlot, munch the hormone melengestrol acetate (MGA) in their food every day. Scientists say MGA "suppresses estrus"—kills their sex drive. "When females are in heat they're continually jumping around and mounting other animals or trying to get others to mount them," explains Robert Gillespie, a veterinarian at FDA. "It keeps a turmoil going in the fattening lot, and the animals don't eat as well as they should. With MGA, they'll pay a little more attention to the feed bunk."

There's only one problem with forcing cattle to eat so much, especially concentrated grain which their stomachs aren't accustomed to: they tend to get painful liver abscesses, which slow their weight gain. This, in turn, cuts profits. But these days there's a drug to fill every need. Simply lace the cattle feed once a day with 75 mg. of the popular antibiotic oxytetracycline, and the abscesses cease to be a problem. In fact, daily low-level doses of antibiotics sometimes help the cattle get fatter even faster. No one knows just why. One theory says the drug makes the intestinal walls thinner so food is absorbed more rapidly; others say antibiotics stupefy the cattle so they stand around and eat more. The drugs may also help prevent profit-cutting disease. But, even so, the cattle are always catching diarrhea, foot rot and respiratory ailments. Whenever a few get sick, multiply the antibiotics dose ten times to prevent the bug from spreading.

After four months the cattle weigh nearly 1200 pounds. Now pounds are money and every extra pound counts. So pour in 1000 mg. per head of oxytetracycline or chlortetracycline for the last three to five days. Finally, the cattle are bulging with twice as much meat and fat as the day they arrived. Herd them into "death row" where they'll go off drugs for a few days to cleanse their systems. One last shot of streptomycin, and the cattle are ready to board the trucks for a healthy ride to the slaughterhouse. They'll suffer only one last indignity 30 minutes before the butcher's axe falls: a carefully measured hypodermic of papaya juice enzyme in their shoulder. Too much juice and the cattle will die in convulsions. Just the right amount will break down the muscle fibers when they react with heat—tenderizing the meat the moment those poor cattle's steaks hit your kitchen fire.

When the Food and Drug Administration "banned" DES in cattle feed early last year (government inspectors kept finding illegal residues in the meat) concerned consumers thought they'd won a victory. As it turns out, celebration

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was premature. For one thing, farmers may still fatten steers on DES by injecting pellets in their ears. And even if FDA eventually does ban DES from feedlots, the drug companies peddle other dangerous growth hormones which FDA approves and which will turn up in our meat instead. When DES was big on the market, cattle feeders preferred it to the various alternatives, but according to Bill McMillan, Washington director of the American National Cattlemen's Association, "We'll be going to these other hormones now." One of them is Synovex-S, a combination of the estrogen estradiol benzoate and progesterone (sold to the farms by Syntex, a maker of birth control pills). "All estrogens are considered to be carcinogenic," reports an internal FDA memorandum, "since all estrogens that have been adequately tested have been shown to be carcinogenic in animals." Progesterone, which converts to estrogen in our bodies, is considered by FDA a "potential" carcinogen.

Morover, we can expect cattle feeders to continue implanting their heifers with Synovex-H—a cancer-causing variation of Synovex-S—or sprinkling their feed with the popular MGA. FDA has been contemplating for four years now whether MGA causes cancer, as some studies seem to suggest. While consumers wait for the answer, FDA possesses convincing evidence that MGA "inhibits reproduction," according to one of the agency's top veterinary researchers. FDA won't publicize the studies, this official told me, because they are "private information submitted in confidence by Upjohn," the MGA manufacturer. He worries that "trace residues of the hormone could disrupt a woman's menstrual cycle."

No one knows how much of these hormones ends up in our meat, because USDA's meat inspectors don't test for them. "We just don't have much going looking for a method to inspect for these other hormones," says Harold Mussman, deputy administrator for scientific and technical services. "They don't lend themselves well to a testing program." USDA does have a method it plans to use for MGA testing, but it can't detect residues below 25 parts per billion. That means we could be ingesting 24 ppb. of MGA every day and never know it.

It's the same story with antibiotics. The nation's newspapers trumpeted FDA's decision last year to "ban" antibiotics from animal feed in early 1973; actually, FDA said it would ban antibiotics only if the drug companies didn't start new safety research (rest assured the research has begun). The hazards of antibiotics are well known and documented. Some people are allergic to antibiotics: as many as 17 to 20 million Americans react to penicillin by breaking out in rashes, and sometimes going into shock and dying. In addition, antibiotics have a tendency to disrupt the intestinal system because the drugs kill *all* bacteria—the essential ones which help digest food and fight disease as well as the harmful ones. But worst of all, "bacteria have an amazing capacity to become resistant to antibiotics," says Dr. David Smith, chief of infectious disease at Boston Children's Hospital, and a member of the FDA special antibiotics task force. Just as mosquitoes buzz away unruffled by massive doses of DDT, bacteria which cause disease become immune to powerful antibiotics which once killed them. In just four months at Children's Hospital, Smith counted 26 deaths from bacterial diseases, 24 of them bacteria which medicine's arsenal of "miracle drugs" couldn't touch. "One of the biggest problems in the world today," Smith says, "is bacterial deaths due to antibiotic-resistant bacteria."

Scientists can't prove how much the antibiotics dished out to our cattle, chickens and hogs are contributing to the medical crisis, but there are clues. Over half the antibiotics produced in America go to farms, not hospitals. As the FDA task force warned, there has been a "marked increase" in resistant bacteria in *animals*—a bad omen for humans since "animals constitute a vast reservoir" of infectious bacteria, notably salmonella, the classic food poisoning bug. So many strains of this bacteria have developed resistance in the past decade that we face salmonella epidemics "of staggering proportions," says Dr. Henry Isenberg, microbiologist at the Long Island Jewish Medical Center. The National Communicable Disease Center estimates that 38 million Americans suffer salmonella poisoning every year. Government inspectors have found salmonella contamination in over 50 percent of the poultry we buy in the markets—provoking the venerable American Public Health Association to sue the USDA. "The label 'US Inspected for Wholesomeness' which they put on poultry is a fraud," says Dr. Oscar Sussman, director of consumer health services in the New Jersey Department of Health. And David Smith charges that, in the case of the after dinner headache and nausea, "seven times out of ten it's . . . salmonella poisoning."

We may also suffer the curses of antibiotic overexposure directly when we eat tiny residues which endure in animal meat long after slaughter. As little as two parts per million of antibiotics can upset the stomach and intestines and "an average intake of two parts per million of antibacterial drugs with one's meat is possible," cautions Dr. William Huber, a University of Illinois toxicologist who served on the FDA task force. When Huber tested 6000 random beef carcasses for residues within 24 hours after slaughter he discovered that "one out of every four pieces of meat you consume contains antibiotics"—usually penicillin, chlortetracycline, and sulfamethazine. (USDA's official bulletins claim only 1.5 percent of its samples contain illegal antibiotic residues —but as deputy chief tester Harold Mussman concedes, most of the drugs dissipate during the two or three weeks the samples are shipped from across the nation to USDA's two labs.) These minute but chronic doses could be building up bacterial resistance in our bodies today. But "the consequences are not immediate," says Smith, "We may eat a hamburger with antibiotics in it now, and not feel the results until we're 60. Then maybe we'll get a heart valve infection; they'll give us some penicillin and discover it's useless."

The meat-consumer's worries don't stop with hormones and antibiotics: the meat we eat contains many more drugs. FDA permits residues of most of the 2700 animal drug compounds, at levels chosen by FDA and the drug industry. Virtually every chicken and hog in the nation eats feed mixed with arsenicals to promote growth. This organic arsenic is weaker than the storybook version, but strong enough so "it causes partial paralysis in the hindquarters of hogs at twice the recommended dosage," according to FDA

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toxicologist Manuel Schreiber. USDA inspectors found that 27.5 percent of the chickens they tested in 1968 contained illegal residues of the stuff—"a potentially serious problem of considerable magnitude," a USDA memo warned.

Or take the more then 40 nitrofuran compounds which farmers feed to chickens to fight coccidiosis, a poultry parasite disease. Laboratory tests have confirmed that "nitrofurans are definitely carcinogenic," reports an FDA veterinary drug official. But USDA can't tell you how much you are or aren't eating in your Colonel Sanders chicken; it never inspects for nitrofuran residues.

To be sure, FDA and the meat and drug industries insist that the use of drugs in the breeding of livestock poses no immediate health problems. In all the years Americans have been eating drugged meat, they contend, scientists have never linked a human illness to traces of hormones or antibiotics or anything else in our food. They're right, but that doesn't mean the link isn't there—only that no one has yet proven it. "We have so many cases of common diseases like mental retardation and cancer, which we can't account for through epidemiological studies, for which we can't find a cause and effect," says Dr. Marvin Legator, one of the FDA scientists behind the famous cyclamate research. They come from somewhere in our environment. Cancer takes at least 10, maybe 20 years to develop once the first seed is sown—and most animal drugs came to the farms within the past 20 years. Who's to say a bit of meat years ago didn't plant the seeds of cancer and other diseases which are only beginning to appear today? No one's done the research; and in the meantime, "we cannot wait for decades of hazardous exposure to continue before evidence in man is obtained," declares Umberto Saffioti, a cancer specialist at the National Institute of Health.

It sounds reasonable, but it goes against the grain of the drug corporations. They owe much of their success to the transformation of the meat industry from a family farm affair to big business: intensive, high-speed production techniques deliver cattle, hogs and chickens out of the feeding pens like automobiles on an assembly line. Beefdom's giant Montford Feedlots near Denver fatten 600,000 cattle every year on just 800 acres of land. That's about 68 cattle an hour—faster than a General Motors plant can turn out Chevy Novas. This vertically integrated conglomerate mixes grains by the trainload in its own feed mill, dumps them in the feeding troughs from self-unloading trucks, calculates the best nutrition-per-unit-cost rations every day on its own computers, and cares for its cattle with three full-time staff vets. Over 200 other employees keep the investors' books and make sure the feedlot's mechanized parts are running smoothly. Montfort resembles a traditional cattle farm only insofar as it has cattle. "A new breed is at work," a USDA pamphlet declares, "a new breed of people providing management at a highly professionalized level." Look at today's commercial feedlot mailboxes: investors include the likes of the Oppenheimer Fund, Bank of America, and DuPont, Glore, Forgan; food giants like Ralston Purina and Kroger; and "cattle feeding funds" of wealthy lawyers, doctors and businessmen who scramble for the tax shelters the Internal Revenue Service has built into the cattle feedlot business.

With this kind of money backing them, intensive corporate feedlots have wiped out 30,000 livestock farms in the past decade. Today only one percent of the nation's feedlots produce over 60 percent of the nation's beef. It's the same story in the poultry business, where corporations like Swift and Pillsbury control 90 percent of the broilers. "There's no question about it," says Fred Holt, executive vice president of the Animal Health Institute, the drug industry trade association. "The days of the family farm, like it or not, are over."

It is, quite frankly, drugs which keep these "animal factories" going, or at least that's what the drug and meat industry tells us. "When you get thousands of cattle confined to a feedlot, standing shank to shank in manure, disease can spread like wildfire," says a Pfizer Corp. spokesman. Massive use of antibiotics can prevent that. Moreover, hormones cut down on feed and labor, and shorten the fattening time. Through the generous use of antibiotics and hormones, Montfort fattens three lots of cattle per year—and claims it cuts costs 12-15 percent.

Picture it as the drug industry sees it: we've got 210 million cattle and hogs and three billion chickens out there on the farms. It's like a whole other planet of customers, population-wise, right here in the United States. All the major drug companies—Pfizer, American Cyanamid, Upjohn, Merck, Eli Lilly—have established special animal drug divisions. "The animal drug business is much more competitive than the human drug business," says Dr. J. S. Kiser, director of animal drug research at Cyanamid. *Feedstuffs*, the agri-business weekly, reads like the *AMA Journal* with its ads hawking everything from amprolium to zeranol. "Feed 'em out. Load 'em up. Get more money. Sooner," reads one prize-winning ad. "Start 'em right . . . finish right," Cyanamid urges hog producers—with Aureo S 700, a chlortetracycline and sulfamethazine compound which promises "a return of $6 to $8 for an investment of less than $1." Feed large doses of Pfizer's Terramycin to your animals "for profit protection." "It's the same old story," says Eli Lilly: "pork producers must produce more—become more efficient—or both—just to survive." The message: use antibiotics or go under.

When the special FDA task force on antibiotics gathered around a conference table one day last year, Dr. H. Dwight Mercer dropped a bombshell. Mercer, deputy director of FDA's veterinary research farm in Beltsville, Maryland, raised livestock for 18 months with and without antibiotics to test the actual importance of drugs in the process. When Mercer raised the animals in clean conditions on high-protein feeds, "we found no growth response [from antibiotics]," he says. In fact, Mercer found antibiotics helped only as he let the pens get filthier and the nutrition worsen. "The worse the conditions, the better the response," he reported. C. D. Van Houweling, the task force chairman and director of FDA's veterinary drug bureau, tried to suppress the report, according to several committee members, but after a stormy fight he accepted the testimony and promptly shoved it aside. "There's an awful lot of evidence to the contrary," Van Houweling told me when I asked why he ignored Mercer's findings. "Let's put it this way," counters

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Mercer, barely controlling his temper. "Antibiotics are not a scientific question at this point, but a political issue because of the amounts of money involved. Data are simply ignored rather than made controversial."

Mercer's research spotlighted a nagging problem: just as scientists have been discovering that animal drugs may be hurting humans, animal scientists and farmers have been wondering how much they're really helping animals. The drug industry is forever quoting "university and independent tests" which prove their products make profits soar. But they've built their farm drug empire on claims and myths from the past. "Many of the studies are 10 or 15 years old," says David Smith at Children's Hospital. "Many of us were unhappy with the ways those studies were conducted."

Some recent studies claim to show that animal drugs do work—but as the task force report observes, the results vary tremendously "with the animal's environment, its species, its age, the amount and the type of antibiotics and other, as yet undefined, factors." Veterinarians like Mercer report that the factors which make antibiotics work best are manure, plenty of disease, mediocre food, extreme temperatures, lots of crowding—and in general, a great deal of stress. Have you ever visited a typical feedlot? "It's sickening," says Dr. William Buck, a toxicologist at Iowa State University, "especially around swine." Citizens in Newton, Kansas, banded together recently to stop Cattle Barons, Inc., of Beverly Hills, California, from building a huge feedlot nearby—they feared the stink. "We use too many drugs in place of good management and sanitary practices," says Buck. "We could put our emphasis on a little better management and disease control instead of on drugs, and do just about as well. Of course that would put some hardship on the farmer: it would require more physical labor to clean out the pens, and keep them washed better." Montfort cleans up its wastes from 600,000 cattle only three or four times a year.

"Our society is oriented toward mass production," Buck says. "You can mass produce antibiotics, put them in the feed, and eliminate the need for all this animal management and cleaning. And it's cheaper."

Easy technological solutions may earn short-term profits, but they backfire over time—just as low-cost, high-waste industrial methods eventually cost society billions of dollars in pollution. And some farmers are finding that the drug culture can create more problems than it solves. "Sometimes animals become sensitized to antibiotics," says Buck. "It's not a major problem, but in certain localities there are troubles"—cattle on antibiotic-spiked feed, for example, go into convulsions when they catch a disease and get a shot of chlortetracycline. Chicken farmers complain that the same drugs which prevent coccidiosis parasites cause the birds to lose their feathers. "When chickens get a bare spot all the other chickens peck at it," says Robert Wunderle, an economist at the National Broiler Council. "That leaves big sores, and the farmers have to send them to the rendering or dog food plant."

Many farmers and vets are convinced that the more they depend on antibiotics to fight disease, the more diseases they can't treat. When Richard Bristol, former director of animal sciences at Iowa State, surveyed 160,000 cattle on farms and feedlots, he found that the cattle munching daily doses of antibiotics sickened and died as much or more than cattle who ate plain feed. Bristol also observed that cattle on DES succumbed to respiratory diseases about 10 percent more often than undrugged cattle—although he cautions that the problem needs more research.

And farmers sometimes forget that when they're using drugs they're using potent poisons. Feed manufacturers, in fact, aren't required by federal law to list the amount of

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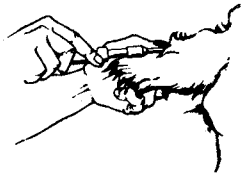
rowth Promoting Implants

'3 is the year you lost DES in your feed, but this esn't mean you have to lose the advantages of a wth promotant. In fact, 1973 could be the year you pass your DES gains with Synovex®



SITE OF IMPLANTATION Inject the pel lets subcutaneously (beneath the skin) sc that they are deposited in the middle one third of the ear toward the center. Care should be taken to avoid severing the major arteries of the ear.

NEEDLE INSERTION Grasp the ear on the lower side with one hand. Holding the implanter firmly with the other hand, penetrate the skin by thrusting the needle point through the skin without penetrating the cartilage, then ease the implanter forward toward the base of the ear until the full needle length is beneath the skin.

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antibiotics in their feed, below a certain level. "A farmer or any lay person can purchase many of these drugs in any quantity and without any restriction," says Buck, and dump 10 or 20 times as much in the feed as one should. I asked Buck Hummel, manager in a chain of east coast poultry farms, whether the drugs he uses ever hurt his flocks. "No, not that I can remember," he told me. "-Except, one time we put too much sulfamethazine in the feed. It killed two thirds of them."

So why do farmers depend so heavily on drugs? "Animal drugs are just like anything else," Buck says. "You can create a demand for them, just like auto makers create a demand by putting some gimmicks on their cars." The huge feedlots want to use anything that may squeeze extra pennies out of every animal and save labor: when multiplied by tens of thousands of heads, the pennies amount to substantial savings. Small livestock raisers who are struggling for their lives against the big corporations will grab at anything that holds out the slimmest promise of squeezing out an extra buck. "Most farmers don't really know what's in the feed," says Roger Blobaum, who organizes livestock farmers for the National Farmers Organization. "Some feed salesman comes out and gives them a big spiel about how much weight gain they'll get and increased efficiency, and so they think they've got to use it." When the drug and feed corporations unfold all those complicated charts brimming with statistics–like proving aspirin X works twice as fast–how can a farmer ignore them? "If the university says it's good, that's good enough for me," a Virginia feedlot operator told me. "If the university ever comes out with another report saying otherwise, then I'll believe *that.*"

The drug industry has bombarded the feed industry with such effective marketing techniques that farmers scarcely have a choice. Over 70 percent of the feed on the market comes ready-mixed, with drugs. "It's almost impossible to get feed *without* them," says Buck. A farmer who doesn't want the stuff is bucking two multibillion-dollar industries. "I have to order my feed specially custom-blended, *without* medication," complains a Kansas feedlot owner. "I'm a lonely customer of this kind of feed–and I have to pay extra."

Montfort Feedlots, the nation's largest single animal drugs customer, tried an experiment last year: Montfort cattle went organic. "We isolated 800 head, and fed them the same as the rest of our cattle, only without any antibiotics or hormones in their feed," says Montfort vice president Duane Flack. The cattle grew healthy and fat in the same time as the other cattle–drug free.

Montfort hasn't repeated the experiment. But growing numbers of smaller feedlot operators are starting to buck the animal drug culture–even if they are still a minority. "I'm not feeding any medicated feeds, except for a few days at a time to attack a particular disease," says Gene Karlin, who feeds a few thousand head a year in Oakley, Kansas. "And I stopped using DES three years ago. I didn't see it bringing any significant help.

"It doesn't cost me any more to raise good food than it costs to raise adulterated food," Karlin says. He's invested his money in a surface drainage system which carries manure from the feed pens into a waste lagoon, and helps prevent disease–better than antibiotics. "So a drug helps a farmer spend two or three cents less per animal per day? This is not the way to cheapen up food," says Karlin. "They've lost all their values."

The Lippman Brothers poultry corporation in Maine, which produces 15 million broilers a year using little medicated feed, claims it has "practically eliminated disease," according to chief veterinarian Jerry Rountree. They spent five years developing sophisticated breeding and sanitation techniques. And the firm has stopped using antibiotics to promote growth. "We weren't getting that much benefit from them," Rountree says.

Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz once said that Americans could revert to the organic method if we wanted to–but first we'd have to pick the 30 million people who would starve. But that's not what would happen on animal farms if the government banned daily doses of drugs. "Drugs are just a small part of all the tools on a feedlot," says Montfort's Duane Flack. "Mainly they're good management, nutrition and better breeding." If the government banned animal drugs tomorrow, Flack says, Montfort would still be churning out its 600,000 head. "We were certainly producing cattle a long time before drugs came along."

FDA's top vet, Van Houweling, warns that animals without drugs would mean "a meat shortage and skyrocketing prices." But actually, if FDA banned hormones and antibiotics tomorrow it would scarcely affect the price of meat. In the long run we might even save money. To be sure, FDA's task force report did estimate that antibiotics save farmers $414 million each year, but six of the 13 members denounced this figure as arbitrary and meaningless. USDA prepared last year the only economic study on DES, and concluded that if DES were outlawed the cost of meat would rise 3½ cents per pound–only $3.80 per person per *year.* And that's cheap insurance for consumers if by eating drug-free meat they can avoid penicillin shock, or resistance, or cancer 20 years from now. "Even though the risk is small, why should I undergo it?" asks Dr. Mortimer Lipsett of the National Cancer Institute. He's talking about cancer and DES but the question applies to the 2700 other drug compounds as well. "Why should we have any risk–just for a few hundred million bucks for the cattle industry?"

Scientists in American Cyanamid's animal drug division never rest. "We screen 15,000 new compounds every year," says director Kiser. "Plus we have a backlog." For example, Cyanamid scientists spend $3 million every year trying to find such potions as a "twinning" drug which will give cows two calves every time they give birth instead of only one. And in a few months, they'll start looking for a compound to increase the amount of meat to fat ratio in hogs. In the near future, we can expect more drugs, perhaps from the other 60 animal drug producers, which will automatically tenderize the meat while the animal is alive; regulate estrus so every animal comes into heat at exactly the same time; and perhaps most spectacular, a new drug which will grow chicken-sized turkeys. It's all part of a headlong technological rush which, unchecked, could revamp the old maxim: one man's meat is the same man's poison. ■

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PEOPLES WORLD

Draft protest at Los Angeles city hall

The Old Left . .

A Long View from the Left: Memoirs of an American Revolutionary, by Al Richmond, Houghton Mifflin. $8.95.

The Communist Party, USA, which for three decades after World War I was the dominant left force in America, is a moribund institution. It had no presence in the New Left; it has no visible base of operation in the '70s, no real constituency in any geographical, class or ethnic section of the country; and it has long since lost the commitment of intellectual figures of substance, a social element essential to the kind of Leninist party it prides itself on being.

Yet, in retrospect, this same moribund movement can be seen as the root of most of the radical energies which powered the political upsurge of the recent past. In Europe, the New Left is generally understood, in fact, as a breakaway development from the traditional Communist parties, in the wake of the Khrushchev Report and the Soviet invasion of Hungary. In America, the connection is more obscure, because the Communist Party had been more or less driven underground by the mid-'50s and, as a result of the McCarthy repression, radicals resorted to an Aesopian language to work out their internal politics.

Still, when the American new left emerged in the late '50s on the campuses at Madison, Berkeley, and Chicago, it posed an explicit challenge to many tenets of the Communist Party, even as it was led in practice and in theory by the sons and daughters of the old Communist movement. Its first theoretical expression was manifested in such journals as *Studies on the Left, New University Thought* and *Root and Branch* (whose editors later appeared as a political directorate during the formative years of RAMPARTS). All of these periodicals were genetically connected to the old Communist left.

The famous Port Huron Statement of 1962 had an altogether different political heritage in the Socialist Party and the anti-communist League for Industrial Democracy. It has been widely misunderstood as the founding document of the New Left. But it was not so much the manifesto of the birth of a movement as a declaration by an important liberal current of its readiness to join an existing new radicalism—a fact made clear in the subsequent development of SDS. For the evolution and eventual disintegration of SDS was determined by the far

David Horowitz is the author of Empire and Revolution *and* The Fate of Midas, *to be published in May by Ramparts Press.*

by David Horowitz

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STEPHEN SHAMES

Vietnam protest in San Francisco

. and the New

stronger currents of left ideology and commitment which surfaced in 1968 in a sudden surge towards Marxism, and then precipitated its dissolution into factions led by Progressive Labor and Weatherman, two tendencies heavily influenced by the self-styled "red diaper" babies of the old CPUSA.

One irony of these developments has been that the newer and younger members of the movement, who lack a connection with its pre-Khrushchev moments, have tended to write off the entire Soviet experiment (and therefore the left's own responsibilities in its failures) as an irrelevant bad dream, while at the same time embracing the examples of China and Cuba, in the same unmodulated and potentially disastrous manner in which the old Communist left embraced the Soviet path. By the same token, they write off the Communist experience, though in fact the New Left has been equally unsuccessful in establishing a real living connection with the American present, and derives its principal sustenance from its connection with other peoples' struggles—currently the Vietnamese. These circumstances are but a reflex of the left's historical inability in this country to relate its international responsibilities to the problem of reaching a domestic constituency, articulating a domestic program, and building a domestic base.

In this situation, the effort to understand the past becomes a vital part of the effort to consolidate its real gains in consciousness and experience, in order to move forward to a new stage of radical development. Part of that task is made easier by the recent appearance of *A Long View from the Left*, the political autobiography of Al Richmond, 40 years a member of the Communist Party, USA, 30 years the editor of its organ, *The People's World,* and for a decade, until his resignation in 1971, a member of its National Committee.

Richmond's book is the first memoir of an American Communist that does not belong to the literature of disillusionment on the one hand, or cardboard hagiography on the other. It is a generous, often self-critical, always warm and perceptive account of a political life for which the author feels justly (but not complacently) proud. There is a tolerance and effort at sympathetic understanding towards party critics which is refreshingly remote from the harsh, uncompromising and generally destructive attitude that characterized the Communist Party throughout its history—one of the negative legacies of the leadership of Lenin and Trotsky.

In three essays—interspersed with the chapters of autobiography—Richmond writes of the continuity between

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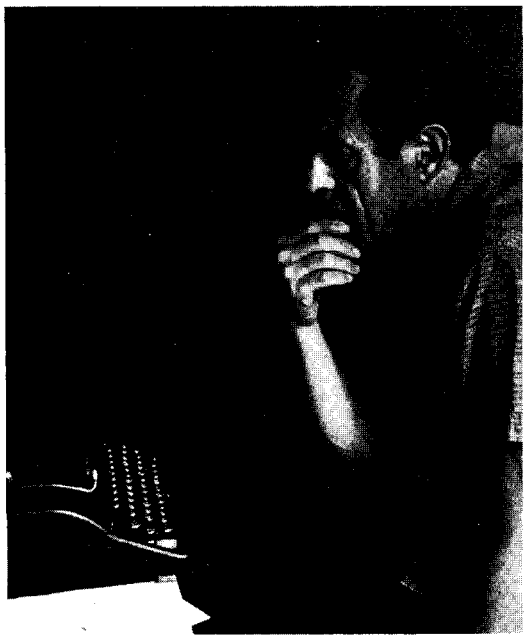
BETTMANN ARCHIVE

American Communists on trial in 1949 under Smith Act



ESTOLV E. WARD

Al Richmond

radical generations, of the problems of relating to foreign revolutions and revolutionaries, and of differing interpretations of labor history in the 1930's. In these informed and well-articulated reflections, he successfully establishes the ground of a potentially fruitful dialogue between radical generations, as well as between contemporary currents on the left.

Beginning with a fascinating account of how his mother carried him westward around the globe in order to join the Russian Revolution, the memoirs themselves proceed as a series of portraits of intensely dedicated, frequently fallible and mostly endearing people with whom Richmond worked for half a century in idealistic struggle to bring about a better world. (If there is any criticism to be made of the book in its own chosen terms, it is the author's too stoic suppression of his own personal life. The extraordinary woman, whom we meet in the first chapter, vanishes for most of the narrative, only to reappear at her son's trial in the mid-'50s. Paradoxically, I think, by being more personal, Richmond would have deepened the political impact of his story.)

By presenting these figures out of the Communist past in their complex humanity, Richmond successfully lays to rest the common impression that American Communists were simply automatons, programmed by dogmatism and faith to follow Moscow's commands. In this way, he restores the vital connection between present and past; only the most obtuse radicals of the present generation would not recognize themselves in the pages of this book. But to do so is immediately to confront the question: How could a movement built out of such dedication and lofty idealism, and with such a wealth of experience and insight behind it, come to such a futile squandering of human resources and energies as the Communist Party did in the mid-'50s, and end up in such abject political bankruptcy?

It would be unfair to tax Richmond's book for its failure to confront this question; but a deliberate decision by the author not to deal with the internal politics of the party deprives the reader of a basis for formulating an answer to the question on his own.

The strengths and weaknesses of Richmond's portrait of American Communism can be illustrated by his account of the United Front strategy, which the Communist movement adopted two years after the disastrous collapse of the left in Germany in 1933. "The tragic debacle in Germany confronted the left with questions," writes Richmond.

> *Why did it happen? How can similar catastrophes be averted? I remember how compelling these questions were for me and my immediate associates, how we welcomed the "People's Front" as the appropriate answer. To us it seemed the strategy of marshalling in one common front all forces opposed to fascism grew out of the anxious search in which we, along with millions of others, were engaged for two long years.*

Richmond's recollection of these events in his text, provides the occasion for a characteristic reply to "New Left" criticism—in this case my own—of Communist policy.

> *All this was brought back to me recently by the curt characterization of the People's Front as a Kremlin manipulation in a book by one of the more thoughtful and scholarly younger radicals, David Horowitz. His treatment was not original, of course, nor was my response. How different, I thought, is history as living experience.*

But is Richmond's recollection of history as "living experience" really that accurate? What if Al Richmond had realized in 1931 or 1932, *before* Hitler's seizure of power in Germany, that the Communist International's policy of attacking Social Democrats instead of Nazis as the "main danger" was a disastrously sectarian and self-defeating strategy? The question is not academic. Leon Trotsky

(Continued on page 52)

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Women's Fiction:

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

by Elizabeth Fishel

With feminist critiques proliferating almost faster than porn these days, it may seem surprising that there hasn't also been a new brood of feminist novels. Apart from Doris Lessing, Simone de Beauvoir (whose latest work is not fiction, anyway, but a sociological study of old age), and several short story writers whose work has appeared in *Ms.* and in the feminist literary journal, *Aphra,* few women novelists have yet set out to explore those feminist issues which preoccupy their more politically and socially minded sisters: the patterns and nuances of sexist exploitation, the rigidity of roles, and the necessity for radical re-examination and change.

It is, to be sure, almost a truism of literary history that writers with a political ax to grind tend to lose the edge on their literary efforts. Still, this does not seem to have daunted the likes of Philip Roth and John Updike, both resourceful and politically outraged novelists whose most recent works are marked by a strong anti-Establishment insistence. So isn't it too facile to presume that women novelists are abandoning feminist ideology for artistic purity, that they are refusing to "come out" as feminists for fear that their creative choices will be too severely circumscribed? Could it be, then, that revolutionary feminist novels are piling up in manuscript, waiting to be published, or are they not being written at all? Why this black-out on feminist fiction?

Nearly half a century ago, Virginia Woolf posed questions eerily like these about her own contemporaries in two papers delivered at Cambridge and later published as *A Room of One's Own.* What conditions, she asked, are most likely to encourage women to write fiction? And why are men especially hostile when that fiction turns out to be feminist? ("That arrant feminist," she quotes a gentleman on reading Rebecca West. "She says that men are snobs.")

Woolf's answer to the first question was straightforward and incisive. "A woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction." Her response to the second bristled with indignation:

> *Why was Miss West an arrant feminist for making a possibly true if uncomplimentary statement about the other sex? [His exclamation] was not merely the cry of wounded vanity, it was a protest against some infringement of his power to believe in himself. Women have served all these centuries as looking glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size. . . . If she begins to tell the truth, the figure in the looking glass shrinks; his fitness for life is diminished.*

Woolf's words remain pertinent today, for the would-be woman novelist is still hamstrung by the socio-economics of a woman's place in a man's world. If married, she's still expected to keep her house shipshape, take care of the kids, hold the family together. If she wants to follow her muse, she must do it on the sly, while baby is napping or husband is on the golf links. Significantly, she lacks assistance, someone to type for her, bring her a stiff drink, smooth her ruffled feathers. In short, she lacks a wife, that spineless, but all-nurturing presence lauded in the dedications of men's books from time immemorial—"without the constant etc. of my darling etc., this book would never have etc." (The dynamics are, of course, complicated in marriages that are partnerships of writers. I am tempted to think—although admittedly without statistics—that for every patient Leonard Woolf willing to lend a hand to his wife Virginia in her times of madness, there are several Scott Fitzgeralds jealously, recklessly pushing their Zeldas over the deep edge.)

For the unmarried and struggling novelist, the social pressures may be less tangible than the pile of dirty diapers but hardly less restrictive. She is still dogged by the dilemma of how to find money for a room of one's own (take a job as a barmaid? a fellowship? write jingles for greeting cards?). But even having eased that particular bind by her wits and the grace of God, she does not necessarily fly to her typewriter on the wings of inspiration. Some unnamed but many-armed enemy (nagging stereotypes? "the motive to avoid success"? a crucial failure of confidence?) is somehow able to detain her. Subtle psychological warfare, but I have seen it happen over and over again among friends who dream of being writers. The men are able to seize the time as their own, lock themselves oblivious in their rooms, and keep going on booze and TV dinners to churn out page after page of the novel that will surely rock the world. But the women—equally talented, smart, and dedicated—will somehow refuse to focus, dissipating their energy on a hairwash, a new soufflé recipe, a love-affair or an abortion. Again, how eerie to hear Woolf's talk reverberate, her tale of Judith Shakespeare, William's long-forgotten sister, who, every bit as promising a playwright, fell in with the same troupe of players, was knocked up by the same Nick Greene who became her brother's patron and, finally, killed herself on a winter's night to hide her shame.

Nevertheless, over the last half century, some intrepid souls have managed to keep the flame of Judith Shakespeare alive within them. And though their names don't trip off the tongue like Mailer and Malamud, most who care about the past and future of the novel have read them at some point: Woolf and Edith Wharton in college, perhaps, Eudora Welty and Flannery O'Connor a little later on, Mary McCarthy or Katherine Anne Porter for something

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more relaxing, Doris Lessing and Sylvia Plath, thought-provokers for a women's group.

But what of the soon forgotten and the never widely known? What of the women who struggled against all kinds of odds and finally fell silent?

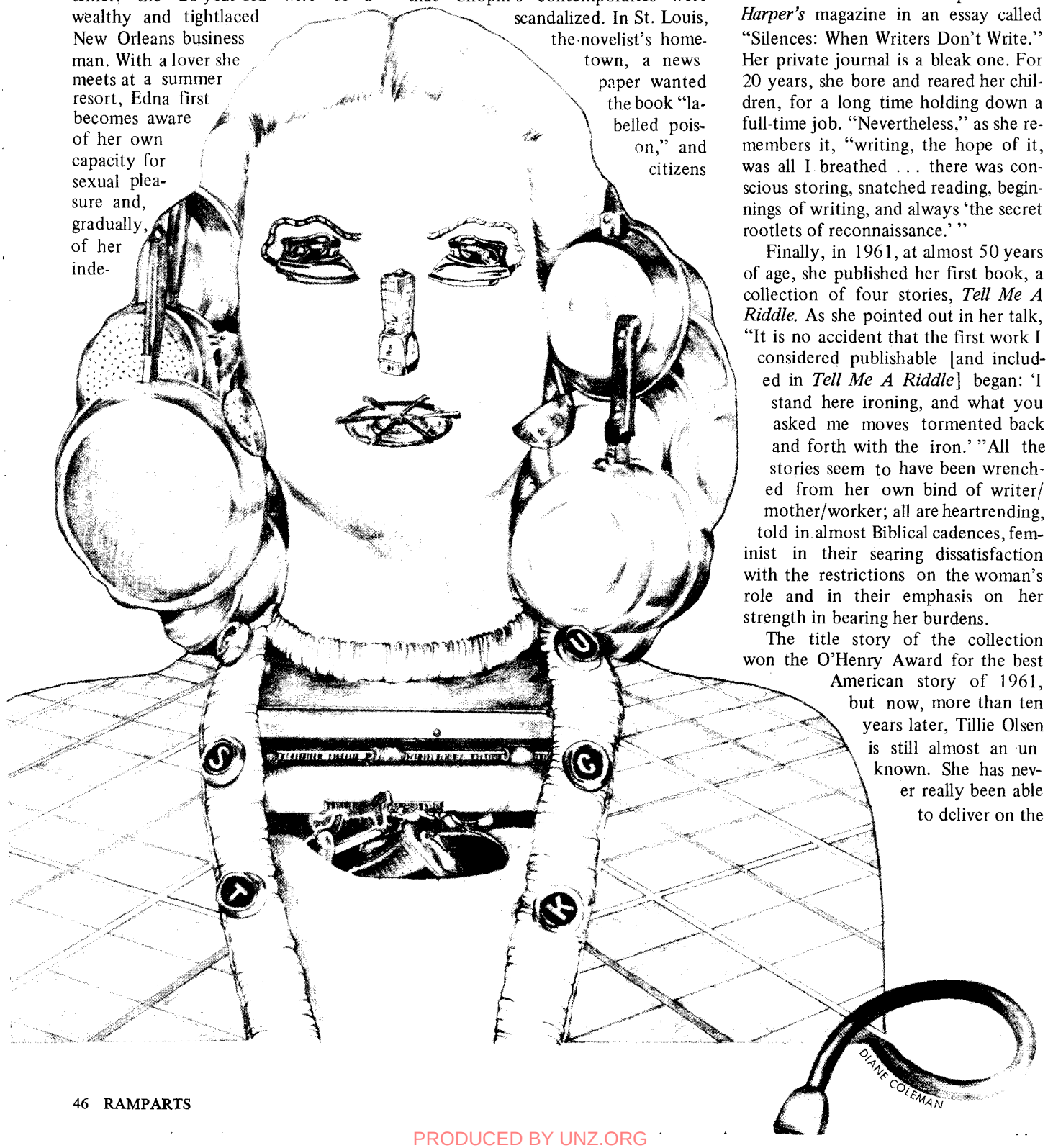
I think first of the fate of Kate Chopin and her novel, *The Awakening.* This book, published in 1899, tells the story of the awakening of Edna Pontellier, the 28-year-old wife of a wealthy and tightlaced New Orleans businessman. With a lover she meets at a summer resort, Edna first becomes aware of her own capacity for sexual pleasure and, gradually, of her independence as a human being. She begins to lose interest in the traditional wifely and motherly tasks, but she is not ready to commit her life to her lover. In the end, because "there was no one thing in the world that she desired," she walks into the sea and drowns herself.

Ripe with sensual detail and frankly antagonistic to social convention, *The Awakening* was so ahead of its time that Chopin's contemporaries were scandalized. In St. Louis, the novelist's hometown, a newspaper wanted the book "labelled poison," and citizens demanded that it be removed from the library. Traumatized by these bitter attacks, Kate Chopin withdrew from society and never wrote again. She died a few years later, and her novel was forgotten for decades, until finally reprinted in 1964.

A more recent literary tragedy is the story of writer Tillie Olsen. Several years ago, Olsen recounted her own struggle in a speech at the Radcliffe Institute and she later adapted it for *Harper's* magazine in an essay called "Silences: When Writers Don't Write." Her private journal is a bleak one. For 20 years, she bore and reared her children, for a long time holding down a full-time job. "Nevertheless," as she remembers it, "writing, the hope of it, was all I breathed . . . there was conscious storing, snatched reading, beginnings of writing, and always 'the secret rootlets of reconnaissance.' "

Finally, in 1961, at almost 50 years of age, she published her first book, a collection of four stories, *Tell Me A Riddle.* As she pointed out in her talk, "It is no accident that the first work I considered publishable [and included in *Tell Me A Riddle*] began: 'I stand here ironing, and what you asked me moves tormented back and forth with the iron.' "All the stories seem to have been wrenched from her own bind of writer/mother/worker; all are heartrending, told in almost Biblical cadences, feminist in their searing dissatisfaction with the restrictions on the woman's role and in their emphasis on her strength in bearing her burdens.

The title story of the collection won the O'Henry Award for the best American story of 1961, but now, more than ten years later, Tillie Olsen is still almost an unknown. She has never really been able to deliver on the



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brilliant promise of those four stories, never published a novel, or even another book of stories. Again and again, as she tells it, financial constraints forced her back to "the world of work, someone else's work, nine hours, five days a week." And gradually the flame refused to burn. "A time of anesthesia," she calls it, "No fever, no congestion, no festering. I ceased being peopled, slept well and dreamlessly. . . . The few pieces which had been published seemed to have vanished like the not-yet-written."

The feminist literary journal *Aphra* has published both Kate Chopin and Tillie Olsen and is dedicated to preventing sagas like theirs from recurring. "As long as male editors hold all the power," says Elizabeth Fisher, *Aphra*'s founding editor, "women will not be free to publish as they wish. We have tremendous identification with the timidity of women writers and sympathy with women writers who have been rejected over and over again. It's not paranoia if the persecution is real."

Named for Aphra Behn (1640-1689), the first woman known to have earned her living by writing, the quarterly had its own bout with persecution before it could even hit the stands. One distributor begged to handle the first issue, then suddenly changed his mind because he found one of the stories "too shocking." (The story, Elizabeth Fisher's "My Wife," is a self-congratulatory confessional told by a husband about his herculean sexual escapades with his wife. The raucous tale comes to a stunned end when the narrator overhears his wife admit drunkenly to a stranger that she's never had sexual happiness and has been faking orgasms for years.) The second issue faced similar hassles. A Pennsylvania printer refused to handle the magazine, because Helen Neville's poem, "Epithalamion" ("his small and semen-drained prick/sleeping against his thigh/as a toy sleeps in the dark") was likewise "too shocking." The same press, it seems, had had no compunctions about printing Allen Ginsberg as well as outright porn.

Fighting the male publishing elite has, if anything, been fuel for *Aphra*'s feminist fire. "*Aphra* stands for the strength of women," Fisher explains. "The Establishment Media doesn't mind seeing woman as victim or woman as monster, but if she's strong, upstanding and a rebel, that's not acceptable." Fisher announced *Aphra*'s goals in a letter soliciting charter subscribers:

> *We will offer the illumination and identification only art can give. We promise stimulating reading shedding light from inside on what it means to be a "Jewish mother," "black matriarch," "spinster artist," not to say daughter, sister, mistress, wife, or any other limiting category so fliply castigated and caricatured in the mass media.*

Despite the constant financial squeeze (the staff mostly works without pay), *Aphra* has made it out four times a year since the fall of 1969, each issue with a different theme—"Mothers and Daughters" or "Woman as Artist," for instance—and a sampling of relevant stories, poems, plays, photographs and critical pieces.

By and large, the magazine still seems to promise more than it has yet been able to produce. Almost always careful to be ideologically on base, *Aphra* has been more erratic in meeting its esthetic goals. Most of the stories struggle to find the voice that will blend feminist politics and artistry. Those that raise this voice are stunning: Susan Griffin's "The Sink," the fantasies of a 40-year-old wife cleaning out a drain; Sheila Ballantyne's "They Call Me Mummy," the diary and unmailed letters of another mad housewife; Marge Piercy's "Dynastic Encounter," the not-so-glamorous adventures of a young woman making it as a poet. But the stories that never manage to find the right voice tend to fall embarassingly flat, tripped up sometimes by self-pity, sometimes by the sappiness of the too-obvious and overstated ("The country in the summer," writes May Swenson in "The Power and the Danger." "Country and summer: do they not equal my mother's two hands? or her two breasts?")

Unfortunately, several of the more stilted stories made their way into *Women*, a recent anthology of feminist stories by nine new authors (New York: The Eakins Press, 1972). The anthology selection was independent of the magazine, though all but two pieces first appeared in *Aphra*. Several of the authors (Susan Griffin, Margaret Lamb, Irini Nova and Mary Rouse, among others) are published there in book form for the first time. For a supposed vanguard, however, these writers are notably undaring in technical experimentation. Most of the writing is plain, almost too plain, and lacks rhetorical surprises. Still, all the writers have the authority of the insider, detailing woman's struggle in a world of men, showing her caginess in coping, her terror in breaking down and her courage in pushing on.

In addition to this anthology, *Aphra* also served as an incubator for a feminist novel, Alix Kates Shulman's *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen*. The novel, like the stories, is illustrative of the perils and triumphs in hammering out a new art form, and here again the first difficulty is finding the right voice. Shulman acknowledges this dilemma (she published one installment in *Aphra* in 1970 under the name of her heroine, Sasha Davis, and the other section, two years later, under her own name), but she does not really solve it.

To begin the novel, Shulman takes the pose of young malcontent Sasha Davis, a wife and mother just past 30 who has decided to set down her memoirs to share what she's learned and at the same time to keep herself busy while her children are in school. But for the novelist, beaming on the jacket photo beside a shelf of feminist paperbacks (herself the author of two on anarchist Emma Goldman and a radical marriage contract in the Preview Issue of *Ms.*), this pose is, of course, disingenuous. Her feminist sophistication and the prom queen's naiveté are at odds with each other from the opening paragraphs of the book, which ring uncomfortably with literary déjà vu. (Compare, for example, Shulman's words, "I have learned to mistrust symmetry and the decimal system . . . I am suspicious of reasons and hostile to dares," with Joan Didion's, "To look for 'reasons' is beside the point . . . I try not to think of dead things and plumbing," in the first section of her bestseller, *Play It As It Lays.*)

But where Didion quickly switches from first-person confessional to third-

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person narrative, thus distracting herself cooly from her heroine, Shulman clings doggedly to the confessional and lets it get the better of her story. She has Sasha Davis trace her own career, beginning with the break-up of her first marriage and flashing backward and forward at will: from tom-boy to teen-ager, virgin to hoyden, prom queen to philosophy major to chief cook and bottle-washer for two husbands and two kids. Plus an awesome number of dalliances on the side.

The chain of events ultimately settles a little too neatly into an archetypal pattern, a case study which, though passed off as autobiographical, is too clearly ideological. Shulman never quite manages to fit the sociological skeleton—"The Question Girls Ask" ("Does your hair swing loose? Are you a good listener?"), the advice from Dr. Spock ("If the breast-milk supply is insufficient at all feedings, you will need a bottle . . .")—into the body of the novel.

The narrative voice is constantly skittering between the novelist's shrewdness and the heroine's bubble-headedness. One minute we read how "boys are taught it is weak to need a woman, as girls are taught it is weak to need a man" (obviously a gem of Shulmanian analysis); and the next minute we are told about the heroine's "love-affair with philosophy," tempered by a little skepticism used "like dusting powder" (just as obviously a pearl of Sasha's homespun wisdom). The narrator can never quite decide whether to take herself seriously or give way to pure corn.

There are certainly a few wonderful moments when feminist and prom queen speak with the same voice (notably the inclusion of Sasha's recipes for her husband's favorite dinners: "Chicken Supreme Tarragon" and "Veal Scallops Marsala"). But a few deft touches, alas, do not make a feminist literary revolution. (Even so, Elizabeth Fisher believes the book "may well be the first present-day feminist novel [because] Sasha is no victim; she is tough and resilient and will land on her feet.") At the least, Shulman's novel has broken some ground for others to sow. For "masterpieces," as Woolf pointed out, "are not single and solitary births [but] the outcome of many years of thinking in common."

This, then, seems to be a transitional time for those who care passionately about the future of the Women's Movement and the novel. For committed readers, a time to give support to feminist presses and journals who have been shouldering the responsibility by themselves for too long. For publishers, a time to overcome their "wounded vanity" and listen with sympathy to the rage around them, so that feminist writers won't be ghettoized any longer and will find the audience they deserve. And for these feminist writers, a time to continue sorting out faddishness and conviction, stereotypes and believably human characters, still never abandoning invention in pursuit of dogma. This could be the beginning of a new era of women's fiction, a potentially revolutionary moment in American literature but it remains to be seen whether or not the conditions are ripe. ■

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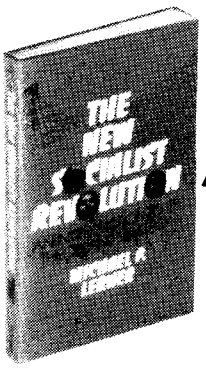

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THE ALMANAC
by Derek Shearer

There is an old American political saying, "You can't beat somebody with nobody," which is being taken to heart by the left. A debate is beginning on what we want—what concrete vision we have of a good society and what programs and strategies are necessary to achieve that vision. This current revival of interest in domestic politics is being assisted by a number of new publications.

Working Papers For a New Society, possibly the most important new left publication to appear in a decade, is published by the Cambridge Policy Studies Institute—a radical think tank—and edited by John Case, Allen Graubard, Mary Jo Bane, Nancy Lyons, and Christopher Jencks. The first issue includes articles on the **commune movement**; **food co-ops**; **land** and **utilities** programs for Berkeley and Oakland political campaigns; and a report by **Staughton Lynd** on working with **steel workers** around health and safety issues. It will appear four times a year; subscriptions cost $8 a year; $15 for two years. (Write: Working Papers, 123 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Ma. 02138, Tel (617) 547-4474.)

Michael Harrington, author of **The Other America**, which helped start the War on Poverty, and of a recent book, **Socialism**, has founded the **Newsletter of the Democratic Left**. It will appear ten times a year and carry articles "on the theory and practice of transforming the nation." Subscriptions cost $5 a year; student rate $2.50; sustaining subscription $10. (Write: Newsletter of the Democratic Left, 125 W. 77th St., New York, N.Y. 10024.)

Coming out of **Atlanta** is a new journal, **Southern Exposure**, published quarterly by the Institute for Southern Studies. It will include exposés of southern corporations, reports on organizing in the south, and articles on programs and strategy for the region. Subscriptions cost $8 a year. (Write: Institute for Southern Studies, 88 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga. 30303.)

Working in the mountains of **West Virginia**, the Peoples Appalachian Research Collective (PARC) publishes the quarterly report **Peoples Appalachia**. The Winter 1972-73 issue deals in depth with the struggle for democracy within the **United Mine Workers**. The current issue, Spring 1973, explores **economic alternatives for the region**, including a proposal for a community-owned Appalachian TVA. Subscriptions cost $5 a year; back issues $1.25 each. (Write: PARC, Rt. 3, Box 355B, Morgantown, W. Va. 36505.)

Up north in **Vermont** a college economics teacher and former Washington Editor of RAMPARTS, Lee Webb, has compiled a packet of material on that state. The packet, which costs $1, includes studies of colonialism and underdevelopment in Vermont, absentee ownership of utilities and the ski industry, and the swindling of the average Vermont taxpayer. (Write: Lee Webb, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.)

In the **Midwest**, the Hyde Park chapter of the Chicago Women's Liberation Union has written a significant position paper titled **Socialist Feminism: A Strategy for the Women's Movement**. Copies cost 50 cents each plus 15 cents postage. (Write: Chicago Women's Liberation Union, 852 W. Belmont, Chicago, Ill. 60657.). Some Chicago movement women have started **The Midwest Academy**, a school designed to offer instruction in **women's rights** and **community organizing**. This summer, classes will be offered on building new organizations for **working women**. (For details, write: Midwest Academy, 817 W. George St., Chicago, Ill. 60657.)

Two new paperback books provide a national perspective on political options for the left. In **The New Socialist Revolution** (Delta, $2.95) **Michael Lerner**, a professor of philosophy at Trinity College, Connecticut, argues that the left must adopt a program of democratic socialism. Similar arguments are put forward by **Staughton Lynd** and **Gar Alperovitz** in their book **Strategy and Program** (Beacon Press, $2.95). Alperovitz defines the society he wants as a "pluralist commonwealth"; Lynd argues that the left must be up-front with its politics, but not sectarian.

For help in doing political work around economic issues in your community, check out the valuable handbook **Getting the Straight Dope: A handbook for Action-Research in the Community**. Compiled by students at the University of California at Davis, it is based on their own work in surrounding communities. Copies cost $1.50. (Write: Isao Fujimoto, Dept. of Applied Behavioral Sciences, Univ. of Calif. at Davis, Davis, Calif. 95616.) Also helpful is the **North American Congress on Latin America** (NACLA) **Research Methodology Guide**, which includes sections on corporations, the media, the military, and banks. Copies cost $1.25 each. (Write: NACLA, P.O. Box 226, Berkeley, Calif. 94701 or NACLA, P.O. Box 57, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025.)

Two recent publications offer analysis of current economic trends which ultimately affect day-to-day organizing. **Kapitalistate** is a journal which deals with the increasing role of government in the economies of advanced capitalist countries, particularly the U.S. Subscriptions cost $8 a year. (Write: Prof. James O'Connor, Dept. of Economics, San Jose State College, San Jose, Calif.) O'Connor is the author of the important forthcoming book **The Fiscal Crisis of the State** (Random House, 1973). **Jeremiad** is a monthly newsletter of economic affairs, written by economist Jerome Shuchter, who takes an independent left view of the American economy. Subscriptions are $10 a year; a complete file of back issues is $10. (Write: Jeremiad, P.O. Box 36496 Wilshire-La Brea, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036.)

In the area of immediate struggles, the **Highway Action Coalition** (Room 731, 1346 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036), acts as a communications center for the anti-highway forces and publishes an informative free newsletter, the **Concrete Opposition**. And the Nader-affiliated **Tax Reform Research Group** publishes a monthly newsletter, **People and Taxes**, filled with information on tax organizing and tax loopholes. Subscriptions cost $4 for individuals; $6 for institutions and businesses. (Write: People & Taxes, P.O. Box 14198, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20044.) ■

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, Ramparts *magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.*

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Reggae:

THE STEADY ROCK OF BLACK JAMAICA

by Andrew Kopkind

The bleached white tourists at the Holiday Inn Reef Club, the Banana Boat and the Jamaica Hilton still request "Day-O" and gasp with the joy of recognition when a crooner starts "I Left a Little Girl in Kingston Town." And at the $12-a-head beach parties the Jamaica Tourist Board throws for the swinging set, short-haired frat boys still shove their giggling girlfriends under the limbo stick in time to the latest 1957 Belafonte hits. In the same vein but on the other hand, heavy American freaks under the palms at Negril keep the natives at bay with blasts of strong *ganja* and hard rock from hidden hi-fi's. But the time-encapsulated world of winter-week visitors to the Caribbean sands is particularly absurd in Jamaica this year, because an entirely new style of popular culture–soon to be mass-marketed in North America–is growing in native groves alongside the stands of tourists. The new form (new to us up North) is called reggae: at bottom a percussive beat and a melodic line of music, but by extension a social and artistic movement that expresses the special Jamaican mood of suffering, blackness and heavenly peace.

Reggae sounds have been drifting into the U.S. off and on for several years, and the music is well-known in Britain with its large West Indian communities. Desmond Dekker's "The Israelites" was a kinky hit of sorts; Paul Simon's "Mother and Child Reunion" presented Jamaican reggae overlaid with L.A. kitsch; and Johnny Nash made it biggest last year with a reggae single, "I Can See Clearly Now." But the industry called all that "novelty." Now, the Anglo-American music moguls are hyping reggae into a commercial craze, and their rock stars are flying off to Kingston to record personal versions. The Rolling Stones have already been and gone (Mick Jagger hired a reggae band to play at his wedding); Cat Stevens came soon thereafter; the Jefferson Airplane went down to check it out; Roberta Flack is reported en route. J. Geils recorded a reggae number safely in white America, while Paul McCartney did it in England. Jimmy Cliff, the first Jamaican multi-media reggae star (Johnny Nash comes from Texas), has been signed by Warner Brothers Records for an upcoming album, and his Jamaican-made film, "The Harder They Come," is seeking provincial bookings after its *succès d'estime* in New York.

"We took the *ts-ts-ts*–the syncopation–out of jazz," Cliff explained, by way of a definition and a history of reggae, when we talked not long ago in a Warner Brothers office in New York. "The guitar rhythm is out of calypso, the percussion part of it is Latin and West African. The drumming is like the reverse of rock, it's rock turned over: rock drumming is off the beat, reggae drumming is right on the beat–and the bass goes in between." However obscure that exegesis may be, the sound is obvious after the first hearing. It is danceable and whistleable like the best old rhythm & blues before rock ran it into the ground.

In its purely musical form, reggae (also called rock steady) is an outgrowth of ska, a Jamaican style popular in the early '60s. For years before that, Jamaicans had fed on American R&B records; when the rock-and-roll boom slowed R&B exports, Jamaicans began going it alone. Ska put a West Indian flavor into black North American music. Later–in the mid-'60s–reggae developed as a Caribbean counterpart of soul, with more than a few echoes of fundamentalist church gospel singing and African chants. You can hear a kind of unself-conscious reggae flowing from any church in Jamaica every Sunday: as you can hear pre-commercial soul in any rural black church in America.

But the content of reggae music–lyrically and melodically–is strikingly different from most North American black pop music today, even though the forms have resulted from the cross-pollenization of all the same Afro-American strains. Reggae lyrics are rarely macho and violent in the manner of Shaft or Super Fly; rather, they say something about the pain of the world and the hope for a sunnier future–sentiments that sound naive and perhaps primitive to cool Americans, but replicate exactly the visual tones of Jamaican shantytown poverty against the agonizing beauty of the Caribbean sea-sky.

"Sixty percent of reggae is the frustration of oppressed people," Jimmy Cliff said with the calm and kindly

Andrew Kopkind is a free-lance journalist living in Boston.

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honesty that softens the hard edge of Jamaicans' anger—in person and in music. "They're just fighting to get out from under that heavy weight. They know that pie-in-the-sky is a fake. But still, 40 percent of it is fantasy. The music is happy; we sing a happy melody, but it's sad underneath. You can sing a happy song and underneath you're really hungry. The Prime Minister once said that if you want to know what's going on in Jamaica, look at what's on the charts, listen to the words of the songs."

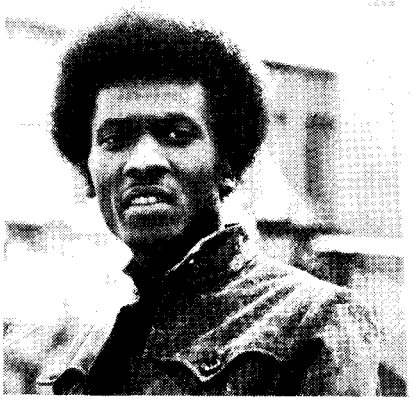
In fact, the Jamaican Prime Minister, Michael Manley, is said to prefer European classical music to reggae, but his advice is sound enough. His political party, the reformist Peoples National Party, upset the decade-long rule of the Jamaica Labour Party last year by riding an insurgent campaign style of which reggae and "The Harder They Come" seemed to be in the cultural vanguard. The conservative Labour Party Government closed down the movie set several times during production because of the insurrectionist attitudes the film was bound to convey to Jamaicans (although it seems somewhat less revolutionary in the U.S.; politics rarely survives a sea journey). Cliff plays a country boy who comes to Kingston to make it as a pop singer, suffers humiliation from a music industry boss, a horny, authoritarian clergyman, and a mocha middle-class lady (played by Prime Minister Manley's wife), and drifts into the *ganja* trade. He almost gets to the top smuggling dope to the U.S. market, but he falls hard in the end—a political conclusion, written into the script, with which Cliff disagrees. All this after offing a spectacular array of uniformed and civilian pigs, with the universal approval of the island populace, on-screen and off.

The movie scored an historic success in Jamaica, and its implicit political messages, Cliff said, contributed to the PNP's electoral victory: an ambiguous outcome, he thought, because "if the Jamaica Labour Party had been returned, there would have been a revolution." There are no significant whites in "The Harder They Come," no long shots of manicured beaches and planted palms. It was made in a Jamaica that tourists simply do not see. "It is not," Jimmy Cliff said emphatically, "a tourism promotion film." By its concentration on black and poor Jamaicans, the movie takes some kind of a stand against the pervasive Anglo-American penetration of the island—even, contradictorily, while the imperial entertainment industry is making plans for the biggest cultural rip-off since Calypso.

Reggae is the only "fresh" music around today, as Jimmy Cliff claims, and more than that it's the only true *popular*—that is to say, people's—music capable of commercial success. Reggae is still close to spontaneous folk forms, a professionalized version of common rhythms and harmonies that you can hear in the beeping of automobile horns and the cry of fruit vendors. Jamaican kids tap distinctive reggae rhythms when they idly and unconsciously hit a stick against a rock in play.

North American "folk" is mostly intellectualized and commercialized; rock is degenerating into rococo repetitions of itself; and Lenox Avenue soul is on a sex-'n-violence trip that destroys itself and its cultural context. The David Bowie-Lou Reed gender-fuck idea, which was so promising in its beginning (see RAMPARTS, March 1973) is already being blown by hype into fatuous fraudulence.

That leaves reggae as the next exploitable number. The music industry is looking for a really big gimmick—"like Presley or the Beatles," an RCA publicity person said the other day. It's doubtful that reggae could fill the bill: it is too fragile, too vulnerable, too honest to withstand the massive assaults on its authenticity that the collective corporate shuck would mount. Jimmy Cliff may translate some of his Jamaican success into American—although few other artists from Kingston will be so lucky—but he'd better watch out for the American music monster. Naturally, he is optimistic. "We've been kicked and licked and repressed," he said at the end of our talk, in a line which is equally honest as his song lyric and a political philosophy, "and we'll stand the test." ■



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OLD LEFT, NEW LEFT

(From page 44)

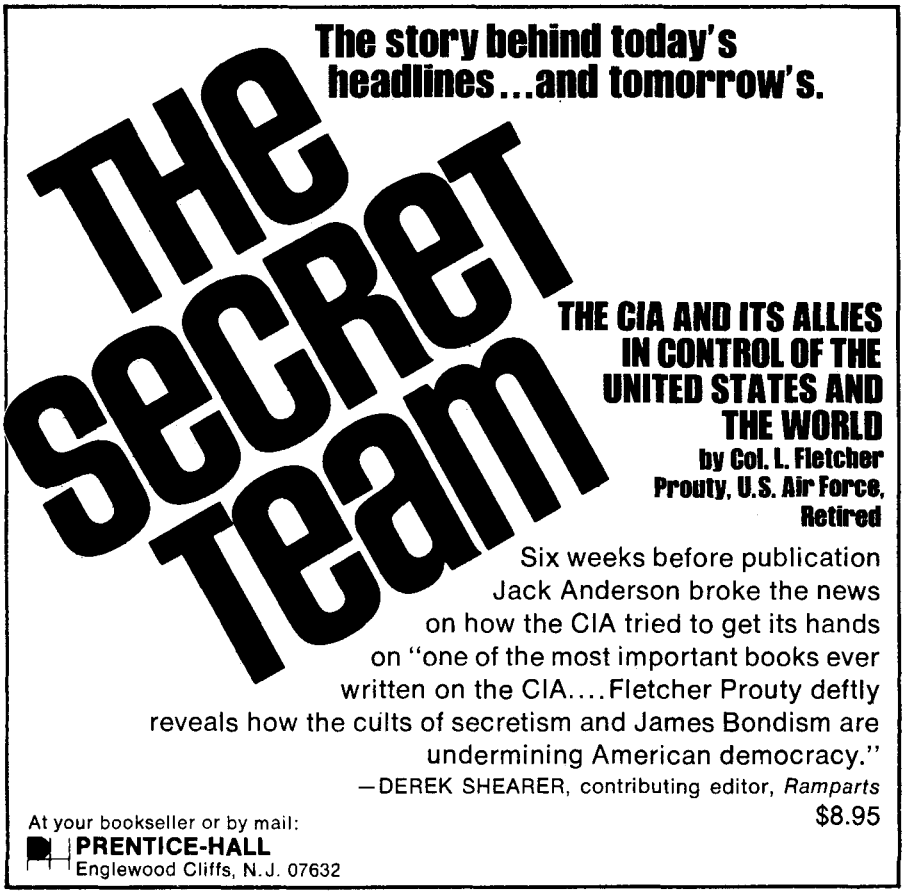
(about whom there is not a single reference in Richmond's 400 and more pages) was writing furious attacks from exile on the Communist failure to forge a United Front against Hitler with the other working class parties. Isaac Deutscher, at the time a rising figure in the Polish Communist Party, who was then unacquainted with Trotsky's writings or politics, was expelled from the Communist movement in 1931 for "exaggerating the dangers of Nazism." In short, had Al Richmond chanced to arrive at the United Front strategy before the Kremlin sanctioned it, he would have had to keep his own counsel, or run the risk of expulsion from the Party as a Trotskyite wrecker or worse.

It is in this syndrome that one can find the real source of the subsequent failure of the Communist parties in the advanced capitalist countries: it was not just that the line came from abroad, but that the parties themselves lacked any concept of internal democracy, any mechanism for sustaining a dialectic of leadership and perspective within the party organization. To arrive at a correct line too soon, to offer a real challenge to the existing party leadership and its policies, was (and is) inadmissible. Such behavior violates the most sacred concepts of all, party unity and party discipline, in whose name it is possible to suppress any organized manifestation of an internal dialectic by expelling its proponents. As a result, not only is the habit of independent thinking soon lost by the rank and file, but those with the fortitude and insight to advance such positions are anathematized and cast out of the revolutionary ranks. Thus, when a debacle like 1933 occurs, those with foresight are no longer around to assume leadership in the next phase; for that task there is only the same inept leadership that paved the way to the debacle in the first place. In short, under "democratic centralism" as it has been practiced in all Communist parties (and ironically in all Trotskyist parties as well), the Central Committee has the power to expel its critics beforehand, and choose its scapegoats after the fact. Such a Committee is in fact an oligarchy, having as it does the power to de-legitimize its opposition and bar critics access to the rank and file.

While it is unfortunate that Richmond does not give us his perspective on these questions, it is not that he lacks the occasion. The last episode of his book describes his own ill-fated deviation from the party line over the interpretation of events in Czechoslovakia in August 1968. A month after the Soviet invasion, Richmond went to Czechoslovakia where he undertook a painstaking investigation of the facts. Returning to the U.S. he tried unsuccessfully to convince the other party leaders of the validity of his (rather moderate) views. Even if they did not agree with those views, he argued, at least there was a place for them in the spectrum of legitimate party opinion. (The Party's official position was that the Soviet invasion was not an invasion at all, but a comradely gesture to suppress a counter-revolution.) Given Richmond's commitment to the principle of democratic centralism and his understanding of party realities, the disagreement resulted—inevitably—in his resignation as editor of the *People's World* and his withdrawal from the party leadership.

Here the reader cannot help but ask: what kind of a party is it that forces a man who for nearly half a century has lived for it, sweated for it and suffered for it, and who has risen to a respected position in its leadership, to choose between continued service to its cause and his own integrity? Or, put another way, if an Al Richmond could not retain his integrity and remain a Party member, who could?

In the end, ironically, this book provides persuasive evidence of the inability of the Communist movement to transcend the tragedy of its past, the more so because it is such a heartfelt testament of loyalty to that movement and belief in its regenerative powers. Al Richmond stayed committed through every storm the Party faced—the Lovestone split, the Nazi-Soviet pact, the Duclos letter, McCarthyism, the Khrushchev Report, Hungary, the Sino-Soviet split—and he would even have remained after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia if the party leadership had allowed him the breathing room. He was the Party's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own tested eyes on the scene of the Czechoslovakian events, the editor of its paper. But those eyes had the misfortune to contradict the Soviet brain. Therefore the party leadership personified in the figure of Gus Hall, felt it necessary to deny Richmond even the narrow space of independent perspective that he needed to reconcile party loyalty with his own concept of self-integrity and Communist dignity. If the reader should conclude from this that the locus of Communist Party politics is more firmly rooted in Moscow than in the wisdom of its own rank and file or the needs of its potential constituencies, will Al Richmond still maintain that this is merely a "curt characterization" which the living experience refutes?

All this is not to denigrate that experience, or return to the simplistic dismissal of the Communist Party that was fashionable in the cold war heyday. It is an important movement and needs to be understood because it was the principal repository of hope and idealistic commitment to change in the '30s and '40s, and because it pointed the way for the struggles that came after. But for that very reason, because it is so vitally connected to us as radicals, and to any effort to change the social order in our time, it needs to be understood critically as well. ■

U.S. BANKRUPTCY

(From page 31)

As the corn crop failed in this country, and other vegetable oil crops failed abroad, the price of soya products and animal feeds rose sharply. The result: prices of feeder livestock rose about 48 percent between December 1970 and December 1972. The number of beef cattle did not decline but their fattening costs soared. Feed and seed prices to the farmer at first behaved differently. As lower-yielding but blight-resistant corn replaced the non-immune variety, and as acreage increased, the price of feed and seed at first rose contra-seasonally, then trended downward, leaving the 1971 year-end price little changed from a year earlier.

Then occurred two events: first, in 1972, flooding and drenching rainfalls in the East and the easterly reaches of the Midwest, which destroyed crops on an extensive scale; second, Russian and Chinese purchases of some $1.3 billion worth of grains for short-term shipment. The price to the farmer of feed and seed rose astonishingly, by about 28 percent from December 1971 to January 1973. It was impossible, in the circumstances, for meat prices not to rise, and extremely.

What must be said, however, is that this combination of circumstances should have required immediate action by government to regulate the price—and the flow—of farm products to the consumer and of farm inputs to the farmer. Yet in the callous and convoluted reasoning of the Nixon Administration, this combination of circumstances was viewed as the precise reason why controls should be not imposed but removed. Something called the free-enterprise system would equate supply with demand, and supply price with demand price, as taught in the graduate schools of economics of almost every American university. The farmer and the consumer would have their separate interests reconciled by the free play of market forces.

But—and here's the rub—the sudden enormous shipments of grains overseas made reconciliation through free market forces impossible, and was intended to. And it is the intention of the Administration, now that Europe has stated flatly that it will not continue paying the cost of U.S. direct overseas military spending, to fund this spending by the sale of grains and foodstuffs abroad no matter what the effects upon the cost of living to consumers or the costs of production to the farmers. The nightmarish game plan is to sell enormous quantities of agricultural products to Russia and China in order to underwrite the overseas costs to the United States of military and political containment of Russia and China!

Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz has announced the Administration's intention in the years ahead to raise sales abroad of U.S. farm products from their $3.5 billion level of 1970 to $11 billion per annum. It is intended, in other words, so to deplete the domestic food stock as to cause food and feed prices to rise

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so high that the American housewife and the American farmer will pay the cost of direct overseas military expenditures of the United States which foreign central banks now refuse to pay. The price effects of such a policy upon the cost of living in the United States, in index numbers and dollars, are beyond prediction. Experience of the past two years, however, suggests that prices of food in the United States will at least double if any such policy is attempted, and this doubling will occur in the early, not the later, stages of such policy implementation. And this is what Earl Butz has in mind when he scoffs that the meat strike by housewives will have no lasting effect. It is government policy that it shall have no effect.

Yet there are constraints which will prevent this policy from succeeding if attempted. First, there is not sufficient available shipping in the world—anywhere in the world—to move the quantity of foodstuff contemplated. Even the sudden shipments to Russia so increased ship charter rates that the United States had to renegotiate its wheat price upwards in the Russian deal. Second, there is no rail transport system in the United States capable of moving the volume of produce involved and it cannot be handled on the highways. The internal transport of the United States is rotted away, the railroads bankrupt and the trackage so worn and creaky that derailments are commonplace.

I recently had occasion to witness events which exemplify the effects of this situation on the farmer. In the mountain village in upstate New York where I dwell, there have been three derailments in two weeks. The spurline ties are so rotted, the trackage so loose and rusted, and the rail spikes so inadequate (insofar as they do in fact exist), that no train can pass over the tracks with safety. In one derailment, a shipment of cattle feed bought by the local feed store for $14,000 was ruined from spillage in the rain—and the store had to replace it shortly thereafter at a cost of $21,000

This is of vital importance to us all. Not only are the rights of way decayed throughout the nation but the box cars needed suddenly to convey the wheat purchased by the Russians can be, and have been, supplied to shippers only at the cost of preventing the inward movement of grain from the growers to the elevators at the same rate that grain is being withdrawn. That is why grain prices have soared. And the railroads cannot put up the cash to buy the box cars they need. Even if they could, it takes 14 months from placing of orders to receipt of the rolling stock. Hence the grain shortage in the domestic market.

The point should be clear. The United States has shown itself incapable of meeting the food requirements of its people while shipping massive quantities abroad. One need but contemplate what would occur in this country if vastly increased overseas shipments should coincide with a nation-wide drought such as last occurred in the mid-'30s. Under such conditions, what would face us all is not merely inflation but famine.

I say this most earnestly. Continued attempts to fund unneeded and costly direct overseas military expenditures, which have already bankrupted this country on international account, threaten it with hunger if the means employed are agricultural. For nature takes no need of politicians, and will drench or dry as she sees fit.

The prudent store of grains and meat, which Joseph brought about in Egypt, and which characterized this country for decades, has been abandoned under Nixon's rule. The nation has embarked upon the most dangerous of all policies: the increased shipment abroad of food stocks which, because of weather conditions and the decay of America's transport system, cannot be replenished at all if nature should, for one brief season, rule otherwise. And this gamble with food supplies is a futile attempt to prop up the "value" of the dollar in which all trust has been lost abroad because of U.S. military extravagance.

The fact that the Administration has been driven to this desperate gamble is proof enough that overseas military expenditures have led this country into many complex difficulties. First, it has led to bankruptcy on foreign account. Second, the sums which this country has been spending abroad to maintain its world empire have been spent by other nations to build up their industrial capacities in areas which have customarily been American export specialities. The competitiveness of American manufacturers has been impaired while fruitless and extravagant military spending abroad has made it urgent to increase U.S. exports.

Such factors are forcing the United States—as its only resort—to enlarge still further its agricultural exports. One comes full circle. The U.S. dare not take this gamble. On the other hand, it dare not face the consequences of refusing to take it.

The question, as always, is what to do. The answer is plain enough. America can save itself from this dilemma only by eliminating its root cause. It must stop its overseas military spending which, as an unrequited export, drives it deeper into bankruptcy; establishes the very funds which international speculators then use in U.S. commodity markets; and produces an inflation which is frankly unjustifiable on any terms.

Otherwise, America faces nothing but disaster—the price for playing policeman of the world. ■

VEGETARIAN MANIFESTO

(From page 35)

protein matches the one pattern that the human body can fully use. Generally animal protein is more usable by the body than vegetable protein. But here also there is some overlapping, and the most usable protein of all is neither meat nor vegetable but egg protein. Next best is milk. It is important to realize that there is no such thing as a perfect protein, or, as some people say, a "complete" protein—one that the body can use *completely*. Egg is closest, but it's probably no more than 95 percent usable; and milk, second best, is only 82 percent usable. Meat, most often thought of as a "complete" protein, is between 70 and 75 percent usable. Most vegetable proteins rank between 40 and 70 percent usable. More important, it is possible to combine certain non-meat proteins in the same meal and thereby create a more usable protein—one equal or better than that of meat. The trick is simply to match foods with certain complementary amino acids. Since the relationships hold for whole food cate-

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gories–like beans plus grains, for example–it is not hard to learn what foods "go together."

Thus meat is not unique and irreplaceable as a protein source. But many believe that meat is the sole repository of essential vitamins and minerals–another myth. Although meat supplies 42 percent of our protein, it carries with it an equivalent contribution of vitamins and minerals in only three out of eleven cases. And in none of the three is meat the sole source. Obviously we get most of these essential vitamins and minerals from non-meat sources.

But there are other components of our "Steak Religion" even less related to nutritional fact. I often encounter such ego-involved rationalizations as: "Well, I am a 'steak-and-potatoes' man myself!" Or, I have heard women refer to their husbands with pride: "He sure likes his steak and potatoes!" The association of meat eating and masculinity seems to be very much a part of our culture.

However the mainstay of the "Religion" most effective in discouraging heretics is undoubtedly the firm belief that, to quote a noted nutritionist and agriculturist, "All vegetarian diets are rated as monotonous. There is a paucity of form and flavors."

But wait now. Think about it for a minute. There are basically five different kinds of meat. But there are 40 to 50 different kinds of commonly eaten vegetables, 24 different kinds of peas, beans and lentils, 20 different fruits, 12 different nuts and 9 different grains. Now where is the paucity?

The national concensus about meat-centered diets has made us ignorant of the qualities of non-meat or low-meat diets. Sometimes our ignorance is truly amazing. A recent *New York Times* article reported that the department of foods science of the University of Illinois had just discovered that soybeans could be used for human food. The scientists reported that all you have to do is cook them! The Chinese would, no doubt, be relieved to learn of this great *American* discovery–inasmuch as the soybean has been a staple in their diet for almost five thousand years. China presently consumes about five million tons of soybean products, and Japan about half that, and those soybeans are treated with a real cultural genius. Commonly eaten in 12 different forms, they play quite a variety of roles in the diet.

Some people do, of course, benefit from this meat myopia, and it is certainly no mere accident that the meat industry uses advertising to link meat consumption with status and success. I ran across an ad recently for a mail order steak at $6.90 a pound. "These are the steaks," the ad said, "you would serve if you were out to out-do your brother-in-law. . . ." Similar psychology is used to convince the public to pay more to get a meat product as opposed to a plant product, on the grounds that plant food is undesirable. Cereal has become so despicable that it is not even good enough for our pets. We are told to buy ALPO because it has "not a speck of cereal. . . ."

If the meat industry is the prime beneficiary of this national obsession, then the people of the poor nations are the big losers. They are said to go hungry because the world's resources simply cannot support the world's population. Birth control, we are told, is the only answer.

In effect, this reasoning places responsibility for hunger and starvation on fate and the poor themselves. It is faulty reasoning. The nutrients are available to provide an adequate food supply for all mankind, but the realities of the world economic system insure that the fat will get fatter and the undernourished will go hungry. It is this system which must be changed if the world's food problems are to be solved, and with it must change the American fixation on meat. ■

RECIPES FOR A SMALL PLANET*

Creamy Cottage Eggs

1 portion ≅ 20 grams of usable protein
45% to 56% of daily protein

These eggs are an interesting change from the usual scrambled eggs, and they are extremely rich in protein.

4 eggs, beaten
½ cup cottage cheese
1 teaspoon oil
1 teaspoon butter
salt and red pepper to taste

1) Beat the cottage cheese into the eggs ¼ cup at a time so that it is well broken up and mixed in with the eggs.

2) Brush an egg or omelette pan with the oil, then add the butter and melt it over low heat.

3) Turn the egg mixture into the pan and cook as for scrambled eggs. The cottage cheese should melt and the mixture will be very creamy. Take care not to overcook the eggs or you will end up with chewey eggs and a puddle of water.

4) Add salt and cayenne to taste; serve with rounds of whole grain toast.

(*Serves 2*)

Soybean Stew

1 portion ≅ 8 grams of usable protein
18% to 22% of daily protein

Serve the stew over rounds of whole grain toast with a salad on the side. If you have a pressure cooker the stew can be on the table a hour after you first think of it!

1 cup dry soybeans, cooked
1 eight-ounce can tomato sauce
1/3 cup chopped onions
1 clove garlic, crushed or minced
1 stalk celery, chopped
stock from the soybeans
½ teaspoon cumin, ground
½ teaspoon salt
pinch each of: cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, allspice
½ cup chopped green pepper
2/3 cup grated parmesan cheese

1) Combine all ingredients in a cast iron dutch oven EXCEPT for the cheese, stock, and green pepper.

2) Cook the stew for about ½ hour over low heat, adding stock if the mixture becomes dry.

3) Remove from the heat and stir in the green pepper and grated cheese. The residual heat will melt the cheese and warm the pepper. Ready to serve.

(*Serves 6*)

Alpine Rice

1 portion ≅ 8 grams of usable protein
17% to 21% of daily protein

Accompany this quick rice dish with a bean loaf and green salad for a tasty feast.

1½ cups raw brown rice, cooked and hot
2 tablespoons butter
1/3 cup grated parmesan cheese
1/3 cup grated swiss cheese
1/3 cup roasted sesame seeds, ground (about ½ cup meal)
½ cup hot milk

1) Toss together the hot rice, butter, cheeses, and sesame meal, mixing until the cheese melts and coats the rice evenly.

2) Pour the hot milk over and toss again. Serve at once.

(*Serves 6*)

* *From* Recipes for a Small Planet, *by Ellen Ewald, to be published this Spring by Ballantine Books.*

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WOUNDED KNEE

(From page 29)

sioner his first major crisis) assumed that this quiet, almost avuncular Mohawk with his Rotary Club air and businessman's background would turn out to be an "Uncle Tomahawk."

Nor were suspicions allayed when the new Commissioner hired a couple of former fraternity brothers with no knowledge of Indian affairs to help him recruit a new leadership team to fill the directorships inside the BIA. At the beginning speculation centered on new combinations of the same old names. The group often referred to as the "Haskell Indian Mafia" tried to put its candidates into office, as it had been able to do in the past; and the National Council of American Indians, as the blue-ribbon Indian membership organization, demanded the usual right of review and veto when the top positions were finally filled.

But Bruce, urged on by his superior, Assistant Interior Secretary Harrison Loesch (in a momentary enthusiasm Loesch would later greatly regret), surprised everyone by hiring men unlike anyone who had ever worked at high administrative levels in the BIA. Leon Cook, a Chippewa who had been involved in civil rights work in Minneapolis, came on as Director of Economic Development. Ernest Stevens, formerly a CAP worker on reservations in Arizona and California, was made Director of Community Services: Alexander "Sandy" McNabb, a Maine Indian with experience as an attorney in OEO, became Director of Operating Services. These young activists, none of them associated with the BIA's past history or beholden to the white careerists clogging its middle levels, became the nucleus of what was called the "New Team," although critics would soon refer to them in more pejorative terms, the kindest being "the Katzenjammer Kids."

But whatever they were called, they began to send shock waves through the normally anesthetized world of Indian Affairs. Cook began to fight inside Interior for land and water rights for the reservations; seeing natural resources as the key to economic development, he loudly accused the Interior and the Bureau of the Budget of conspiring together to commit "fiscal genocide" by limiting the BIA budgetary increases that went into soil erosion prevention, forest management, and other natural resource programs. Meanwhile, Stevens was trying to solve the vexing problems of the urban Indian by conceiving him as part of a city-dwelling tribe, rather than a poorly assimilated member of the melting pot, and tried to extend federal services traditionally denied Indians once they had been persuaded to migrate from the reservation; he tried to decrease the power of the BIA administrators in Los Angeles and other relocation centers by cutting down, as he said, "on the number of Indian hides they get to process every year."

"Sandy" McNabb had taken over contracting, which was at the core of emphasis on self-determination. When he made contracts with the tribes themselves for road contruction, the operation of schools and other services that had always before been done for them, it was with an eye toward the day when each tribe would be paid to run all its own services, in its own way. A fourth member of the team, Browning Pipestem, a prominent young Indian attorney who had been hired as special legal assistant, discovered an obscure 1946 Solicitor's ruling presenting the legal rationale for preferential hiring of Indians at high levels inside the BIA and for bypassing whites for promotion. Soon this too was being acted upon.

While the New Team was making the BIA into the Indian's aggressive advocate inside government, Bruce himself was scourging BIA bureaucrats in the field who had always assumed much of the authority over the tribes' daily lives and who had made careers out of slowly and cautiously climbing the civil service ladder. He made it clear that the area directors who ruled over geographical regions like feudal barons would no longer be allowed their old prerogatives. Then he met with the reservation superintendents, those members of the BIA with the greatest stake in a continued paternalism, and told them that in the future he would reward only those who worked themselves out of a job by turning things over to the tribes for which they worked.

At first there was shock that the clubby and time-honored rules of the Bureau had been so outrageously violated. But by mid-1971, a year after the New Team had been formed, area directors and superintendents were getting together in secret meetings at Phoenix and elsewhere to plot a course of action. Their deliberations developed into an open revolt when they discovered that Bruce planned compulsory rotation for bureaucrats who had been settled into their sinecures for too long a time.

Ironically, resistance coalesced around an Indian, a Choctaw woman named Wilma Victor. A BIA careerist who had been serving as director of education in the Phoenix Area office, she was identified with the Eastern Oklahoma Indian establishment that had traditionally been one of the potent conservative lobbies within Indian Affairs. The kingpin of this power structure was W. W. Keeler, chairman of the board of Phillips Petroleum. Keeler had parlayed his 1/16th Cherokee blood into the chieftanship of the Cherokee Nation and an influential role in Indian Affairs as well as the politics of the Department of Interior and the Democratic Party. He had

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been offered the job of Commissioner by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and had refused each time, preferring to work unofficially.

Victor's career had suffered a setback in 1970 when she had been serving as superintendent at the Intermountain Indian School in Utah and the treatment of the students there became a public scandal. (They were punished for misbehavior by having their heads dunked in the toilet, it was revealed, and were heavily dosed with thorazine for alleged drunkenness.) This had taken her out of contention for power during the early days of the Nixon Administration. But she had known and worked closely with Rogers C. B. Morton during World War II, and, when he succeeded Hickel as Secretary of Interior, Wilma Victor suddenly became his Special Assistant on Indian Affairs.

Operating directly out of the Secretary's office, she began to harass Bruce and his team. At the same time that she was lobbying with Morton against them, she was trying to poison the minds of tribal leaders against their experiments, playing on the pervasive feeling Indians had developed over the years that any new program aggressively merchandised from Washington had to be bad. Then, late in July 1971, Victor was given the honor of announcing that John O. Crow, a Cherokee mixed blood and former top-level bureaucrat who had been banished from the BIA years earlier for "lack of imagination" by Secretary Udall, was being given the post of Deputy Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Crow's authority, as determined by Morton, was to be actually greater than that of Bruce, his nominal superior.

Soon Cook, Stevens, McNabb and all the rest were forced to sit back and watch helplessly as Victor and Crow consolidated their bureaucratic coup and began turning back the clock to what they regarded as the good old days. It was announced that new team member William Veeder, a white BIA attorney and the country's acknowledged expert on Indian water rights, was being transferred to the Phoenix area office. For years Veeder had been patiently, if somewhat illogically, sitting in Washington writing masterful treatises on the embezzlement of Indian water rights that were ignored until Cook came along and began to use them in his struggle to preserve natural resources. But now Veeder was to be removed and be required to work on implementing the Central Arizona Project, a program he had been denouncing for years with the lonely regularity of a Cassandra as an atrocity that would kill the possibility for economic self-sufficiency in any of the Colorado River tribes.

The BIA was moving back to the chaos and inertia that had always been standard operating procedure. On the weekend of September 22, 1971, tribal leaders from all over the country came to Washington to find out what was going on and to protest the fate of Bruce and the New Team. While they sat in a crisis meeting in the Interior Department, a joint demonstration by AIM and the National Indian Youth Council at the BIA building across the street suddenly erupted into a free-swinging melee with the Washington, D.C. police, ending in 24 arrests.

Soon a hint of the byzantine internal politics swirling through the BIA corridors began to make its way into the newspapers. When asked about it, President Nixon told reporters that he had, as a matter of fact, just instructed Secretary Morton to "take a look at the whole bureaucracy handling Indian Affairs and shake it up, shake it up good." The trouble was that this advice came at exactly the moment when the BIA bureaucracy had settled back into power by pulling off an Administration-sanctioned counterrevolution.

A month or so after the blowup in Washington, I spent some time talking to members of the New Team about what had happened. By then a tenuous balance of power between them and the Crow-Victor faction had been achieved. The transfer of William Veeder had been killed by a mobilization of congressional support on his behalf. ("We've turned on the lights around this place for the first time ever," Veeder told me, "and I don't give one hoot in hell what they finally do to me, they'll never be able to shut them off again.") Yet there was a *fin de siècle* mood and a universal feeling that Bruce's experiment was over even though opponents had not yet managed to formally kill it off.

Lee Cook was most bitter of all. "When you talk about education, housing, roads and that sort of thing," he said, "the Indians out there will nod their heads politely and agree. But when you start talking about grazing fees, timber, water—that sort of thing—they really listen. Indians know their boundaries exactly; they can tell you exactly what their land and resources are. And they know when they're getting screwed, which is always. Sure, they care about health, education and that sort of thing; but they can always get that sort of thing in the city, and they know it. What I tried to do here is to make the trust relationship work, make the trustee—that's this office—really *accountable* for the lands and resources he takes care of.

"This land is the last land around, and white interests really want it. I learned how that works on my trips over to the Interior Department. And as for your average BIA career guy, he could care less about the Indians' land and resources, just so his bureaucracy holds up. Sometimes I think we'd be better off if they'd call the reservations nesting grounds and us an endangered species. Maybe they should just scrap the BIA and start putting us on stamps and devoting money to our survival the way they do the bald eagle."

The others were also despondent. As Ernie Stevens said, "We've pretty much been reduced to sitting here and playing the adversary and making sure that even if we can't do anything ourselves, at least we're able to get on the phone and tell the people out on the reservations when they're getting screwed." Given the $40 million Adult Vocational Training program (the euphemism which had officially, but not practically, replaced "Relocation"), Stevens had first tried to keep Indians from being shipped thousands of miles from their homes and then had tried to emphasize college scholarships with the budgeted money instead of using it, as had been done before, to get Indians into courses in cosmetology and auto mechanics. "Even if you try something as mild as this," he said, "they oppose you. They just love this goddamned relocation program. It terminates individuals."

Cook resigned from the BIA shortly after I spoke to him. Stevens and

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McNabb stayed on out of a sense of loyalty to Bruce and to make sure that the Victor-Crow forces had opposition. For the next year they existed in a kind of limbo, as the BIA once again became a hotbed of paralysis. This stagnation was paralleled in Congress where hard line Westerners whose states include substantial Indian lands continued to tie up the legislative program the Nixon Administration had proposed for Indians two years earlier.

Things can and do stand still in Washington, but laws of motion are not so easily suspended elsewhere. On reservations throughout the country, the mood turned from cautious optimism back to bitterness and despair. Their consciousness of their "plight" was more developed than ever before because of Great Society rhetoric and the Republicans' extravagant promises. This made them doubly conscious of the fact that things were going backward with dizzying speed. Strip mines were gouging the heart out of Indian lands from New Mexico to Montana; Indian water was being diverted from the Paiutes' Pyramid Lake and other Indian areas; hereditary fishing rights were being denied the galaxy of small tribes living along the waterways of the Pacific Northwest; and everywhere, from Pine Ridge to California, more and more land was going out of Indian hands and into white control.

By the fall of 1972, the American Indian Movement and other militant organizations had combined to organize the Trail of Broken Treaties, a caravan bringing protestors from all over the country to Washington for the eve of the national election. At issue was not only the fate of Bruce's New Team, but a whole range of critical issues including guidelines the Indians had developed for the protection of their land and resources. When it became clear that nobody in the government was willing to hold serious discussions, the Indians occupied the Bureau of Indian Affairs building, the scene of past and present crimes. They brought in arms and explosives, and only a dramatic last minute appeal by Louis Bruce, who had his finest hour, kept the riot-geared D.C. police from being ordered to storm the building.

Ernie Stevens, who was there for some of the negotiations and who stayed with the protestors during the occupation of the building, says: "We'll never know what the Commissioner saved us from. After the standdown, I was talking to one of the police lieutenants who told me it might cost as many as 20 police if he had been forced to move on the building. God knows how many Indians.")

In the aftermath of the occupation and the spectacular vandalism that caused some $2 million worth of damage, Bruce and the remnants of his New Team left the BIA, as did John Crow. Early this year, Marvin Franklin, a part Indian with an almost mystical belief in private enterprise as a solution for Indian problems, was brought to Washington from Phillips Petroleum, where he had been W. W. Keeler's special assistant. When Franklin was made Temporary Commissioner of Indian Affairs, it was a final insult, but by then it didn't matter. The battle lines seemed clearly and inescapably drawn, and the spirit of hope and promise that had characterized the government's attitude toward Indian affairs some three years earlier had been replaced by an ugly and vindictive mood.

It was the dead of winter, 1890, when several hundred Sioux, alarmed by news of the recent report of a new war with whites, decided to journey to the agency at Pine Ridge for security and protection. At an obscure spot called Wounded Knee Creek, they were suddenly surrounded by U.S. soldiers and told to surrender their arms. The warriors were then ordered to come out and sit in the snow while their tipis were searched. When the troopers handled some of the women and children roughly, some of the warriors jumped up, and when one of them fired a single shot from a concealed pistol, the soldiers loosed a point-blank volley into the Indians while Hotchkiss guns at the rim of the encampment poured down explosive shells into their midst. When the shooting ended, there were more than 140 Sioux dead, some of them having fled three miles into nearby gullies and ravines before being cut down. By the time the cameras were set up, the troopers had piled up the bodies. Squinting up at the photographer, they posed with thumbs tucked into their Army issue suspenders, ready to

COURTESY OF NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Massacre at Wounded Knee, 1890

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tip the frozen corpses into a common grave.

These photographs are a terrifying summary of the long death of the Plains Indian and a testament to the demonic innocence of our national past. The American Indian Movement went to Wounded Knee, however, not only because it was the most symbolic landmark on the bloody map of Indian history, but also because they felt that the place comments on what is happening now that massacres are no longer crude affairs, but achieved subtly and without bloodshed.

There are things that they can be faulted for a lack of clarity in their pronouncements, a theatricality that occasionally threatens to cheapen their protest, and an involvement in the factionalism that has always debilitated Indian politics. But all these things notwithstanding, AIM's basic purpose is clear: like an Indian ritual from the past, their acts are dedicated to achieving power and renewal for their gravely menaced community.

Far worse than any pretensions these Indians may have about themselves, however, is the government's delusion that the current crisis in Indian affairs is the result of "troublemakers" who have created unneeded confrontations. Dividing Indians into "hostiles" and "friendlies," of course, is nothing new. And indeed, perhaps if Russell Means, Dennis Banks and a few of the others can be convicted and thrown in jail, things might return to normal for awhile. But normalcy, where Indian affairs are concerned, is a kind of institutionalized criminality that passes for administration, and in the long run there would be resistance even from the traditional and moderate sectors of the Indian community, who have seen in the past three years exactly what the stakes are.

Hard times have returned for the first Americans, at a moment when the country seems to have become desensitized about their problems. But even if Indians are not as fashionable as they were a couple of years ago and we don't care about their travails, we would do well to remember—as the eminent jurist Felix Cohen once pointed out—that the red man has always functioned in this society as a sort of miner's canary: the way he is treated tells how much poison there is in the political air around us. ■

LAND IN CHILE

(From page 20)

just how this works out. It is a courageous political act because rationing has never been popular with any electorate.

It was surprising to learn from conversations with Jacques Chonchol, minister of agriculture until last November, and Rolando Calderon, the present minister, that the government knows these problems intimately and does not shrink from them. (Chonchol worked for FAO once, and also in Agrarian Reform under the Christian Democrats until he broke with them, and is undoubtedly an expert; Calderon is of peasant origin and worked his way up through peasant unions from the days when such work had to be clandestine.) Both men take the recommendations of ICIRA seriously, but see the problems involved as complexly political rather than simply technical. For example, all the agencies involved with land reform (and besides CORA, there are half a dozen others engaged in distribution, purchasing, rental of tractors and machines) do not all belong to the Ministry. The Agrarian Reform Law does not provide for distribution or purchasing cooperatives; for this the government has had to find old, little-known laws. Parliament, in the hands of the opposition, controls the budget. The political hurdles seem endless.

The Unidad Popular appears divided these days between those who believe that the middle class and professionals must be wooed and those who advocate more militantly socialist measures. Consolidation or expansion? I asked Calderon where he stood. "There can be no consolidation without expansion," he replied. Consolidation means to him that more people must be brought into the new farms, better financing arranged, a more efficient organization of all work teams developed, and the peasants imbued with greater consciousness of discipline. But expropriations must not stop; there are many estates that under the law are expropriable, and the 35 percent now in the social area cannot guarantee the grand objectives of Agrarian Reform: the end of food imports.

There was no criticism I raised—from my finding asentamiento presidents wasting days getting into town to find CORA bureaucrats to my predicting future conflicts between asentamientos and the still landless afuerinos—that Calderon did not know about. "I have taken that problem up to cabinet level," he responded a couple of times and then became understandably vague about what was decided there. Agrarian Reform, he believes, is part of a nationwide socialist program and its problems cannot be solved without a national effort. "There are great sacrifices to be made," he said, "and the workers and peasants will understand."

That last was said with great feeling, but it is, after all, rhetoric. The problems remain. The political future of the Unidad Popular depends on the solutions it finds for them. The opposition has been incensed by the methods and the pace that CORA has taken in the last two years. My one sure conclusion is that the changes are irreversible. Many things in Chile make this clear—their legalistic tradition, for one—but an exchange I had with Marileo, the Mapuche president of Huichahue, convinced me in the human way that gives authority to politics.

We were standing on a hill overlooking the pastures of Huichahue, and Marileo pointed to the lands of the new asentamiento across the road. The members of Huichahue had been helping them with advice and machinery. "Do all of you live better?" I asked. Marileo replied seriously, "There is no comparison."

I tried again: "Are you happy?"

He nodded and then slowly smiled. "I was talking to the president of the new asentamiento the other day and he asked me. Do you think a new government will try to take our lands ? I told him no. If they try, he said, there will be civil war. I said yes." ■

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RUCHELL MAGEE

(From page 24)

Throughout the seven months in which the two cases were joined, Magee became more of a public figure but only out of the corner of the public eye. Angela Davis and her six attorneys provided the main focus of the pre-trial hearings. Their smooth, skilled approach made Magee look even more the loner, the eccentric. Despite his importance as a symbol, his actions in court were not taken seriously. Yet they were part of a legal battle, waged for ten years, which offers a real alternative for all lone defendants.

Over time, however, Magee began to assert himself as the single dominating presence in the court—despite the world-wide attention focused on Angela Davis, despite the threats, removals and gags. Somewhere in the voluminous sheaf of paper he carried into court each morning, Magee was raising legal points the courts could not ignore.

Magee walked a perilously thin line here: given the reluctance of both judges and prosecutors to let him speak, he could raise his legal points only through continued interruptions —yet each outburst gave the court new grounds for deeming him incompetent.

For the most part, the prosecution had Magee's legal points dismissed as conclusionary, frivolous, irrelevant. But occasionally, Magee scored a legal victory—forcing a succession of judges out of the case, boxing some six attorneys into supporting his motions or withdrawing, finally bringing the entire proceedings to a halt.

In April, 1971, for example, Magee moved to disqualify Judge Alan Lindsay from the case by filing a peremptory challenge, after the judge had repeatedly denied his motions. Judge Lindsay: "As a defendant who is represented by counsel, you have no right to file any documents or to be heard on the matter." Magee: "I don't care if you got 90 counsel, this don't deny me the right to disqualify you . . . The defendant is being charged, not the attorney." The judge is "using lawyers to silence me either way you choose." Since Magee has an attorney, he cannot file legal motions on his own behalf, yet that attorney was appointed over Magee's objections by the very judge Magee is moving to disqualify "for the sole purpose of denying me the right to disqualify the judge under the law."

Magee: "You have appointed an attorney in such a way that no disqualification can be taken against you." In one deft statement, he closed the trap which the judge himself set by imposing counsel on Magee, and suggested a motive for this action—namely, Lindsay's own reluctance to bow out of the celebrated Davis case. Ultimately, Lindsay did step down, acknowledging Magee's claim that the peremptory challenge was his personal right, not that of his attorney.

To be sure, Magee's disdain for court decorum did from time to time disrupt the court's routine. But unlike some defendants who deliberately flout the court, Magee did not regard disruption as his primary goal. "I'm going to try to be real polite and nice so I won't be dragged and handcuffed because I have a lot to say," he informed the judge at an early pre-trial hearing. It was only when he sensed the formality and etiquette trapping him, making mock of what he said, that he rose to the attack. Prosecutor: ". . . [my] deep concern for the rights of both defendants." Magee: "If I could get these handcuffs off me, I would knock your teeth down your throat." Or when the judge orders his gag be removed to permit "Mr. Magee" to speak: "Mr. Magee? Just say nigger like you want to say it."

Held incommunicado from the press, Magee placed a high value on words and he used them for the most part deliberately, responsibly, sparingly. Words were his prime weapons in the battle with the courts—and therein lay the significance of the court room itself for Magee. For if any institution in this society should respond to words, it ought to be the courts.

This was the nub of Magee's fight to be heard. He was obsessed with the story of his past. It was his defense. But he believed the truth of that story could be conveyed only if he told it himself. In his persistent struggle to tell it, he saw everything happening as a re-enactment of his past life. And central to this was the drama of the "gag," an action that embodied all the horror of the tide of court rulings which had silenced him for years.

By insisting on acting as defendant and lawyer at the same time, Magee questioned the whole routine lawyer-client relationship. The real dividing line within the court, he contended, is not between prosecution and defense, but between the defendant on the one hand and the officers of the court on the other—be they prosecutors, judges, clerks, bailiffs, or, most significantly, attorneys for the defense. Again and again, Magee demonstrated that where the court's decorum preserved this dividing line, it was the defendant who suffered (in his own case, it had resulted in an illegal life imprisonment) by barring him any direct access to the law or the protections the law affords.

Magee's pre-trial actions had a logic all their own, which flowed from his preoccupation with certain central issues—like the right to speak—and none was more central than his right to an accurate transcript of his 1963 trial. This issue embodied all the particulars of Magee's struggle—his own story, the weapon which would overturn his convictions (and vindicate his fight for ten years), and—above all—the proof of the legal vacuum in which he and thousands of other prisoners are trapped. He believed that in winning the transcript issue, he would force the courts to indict themselves, and acknowledge his right—on August 7—to rebel.

When Magee's trial formally opened on November 27, 1972, the possibility that he might be vindicated on his own terms seemed remote indeed. He had won the fight to defend himself in March 1972, when Judge Leonard Ginsburg ruled that he had a federally-guaranteed constitutional right to serve as his own lawyer. But five months later, Judge Morton Colvin, who replaced Ginsburg when proceedings were moved from Marin County to San Francisco, vacated that ruling and forbade Magee to speak except through the mouth of his court-appointed attorney. Magee, as he put it, was "right back where I began in 1963."

From the start of the trial, Magee spoke up only at the risk of being sent into a holding cell. Colvin imposed a rigorous formalism on the San Francisco court, ostensibly because it was now a jury trial, and he thereby barred Magee from any active role in the courtroom. The defendant now had

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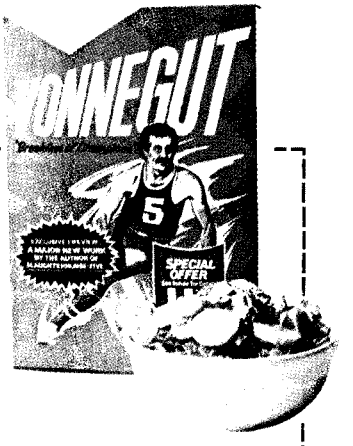

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the choice of sitting out the trial in his holding cell or injecting himself into the proceedings wherever an opening presented itself. Firm as he is in his principles, Magee is no dogmatist. He seized on every opportunity that arose to defend his own interests. Thus he did appreciate the extraordinary significance of the pathological testimony in proving his innocence of the murder charge.

Even though Magee had consistently refused to have anything to do with proceedings that denied him the right to speak, he modified this position during the trial. He recognized that the defense did not force him to abandon his long-held contentions (particularly his right as defendant to participate). While for Magee it was crucial to tell his story as defendant and shape its telling as lawyer, the trial offered him only one major opening—to appear as witness. He seized on that opening against the urging of the lawyers. In two days of almost uninterrupted testimony, he laid out point by point his own legal struggle which, heretofore, the trial judge had prevented him from pursuing.

As it later developed, the defense lawyers had effectively disproved the more serious charge of murder and extortion for kidnap. It was on the lesser charge of simple kidnap—the charge that didn't require a finding of specific intent—that the real impasse within the jury subsequently arose. Here the only defense within the law was to demonstrate that Magee had played a passive rather than an active role in the actual decision to select and take hostages. But in this case, the defense had to go beyond that to confront the jury with the moral dilemma of adding a conviction on a lesser offense to what they and Magee claimed was an illegal life sentence.

In the end, only Moses Shepherd—a black postal clerk and the one black man on the jury—looked beyond the technical details of the simple kidnap count to what Magee in his testimony had exposed as the moral substance of the law. He voted not guilty on all counts. "If Magee wasn't going to get his victory," he later told this writer, "then he wasn't going to get a defeat." He thus recognized the larger struggle—against wrongs inflicted on all prisoners—which Ruchell Magee had waged and would continue to wage as tions constituted part of a deliberate legal battle which Magee had been waging for ten years.

"Many prisoners feel that they should get on the streets before participating in the black movement," Magee wrote to a friend on June 12, 1971. "However, we, at the end of the world, in the shallow graves of death, realize that exploitation and all its racist manifestations exist over two thirds of the world, especially in the concentration camps of Babylon. . . . The awareness, the new trend of black dignity, has instilled in us the iron will to resist, resist, resist, wherever repression finds us. A dynamic force renders us powerless to accept powerlessness. We, at the bottom of the bottom, feel that we don't have the liberty to choose battle grounds from which to soldier, since in becoming aware of our blackness, from that moment on we have started acting as responsible black men." ■

ERRATA

The cover story in the October, 1972 issue of *Ramparts* was a pre-prison interview with Clifford Irving by Abbie Hoffman. In that interview, Irving was quoted as saying he was being sued by one Ahmed Legros, described as one of the characters in Irving's book *Fake*. Mr. Irving stated, among other things, that the book outlined Legros' career as an alleged salesman of fake art painted by Emile de Voury, charges Mr. Legros flatly denies.

We are informed by the attorneys for Fernard Legros that Mr. Irving's references were to him and that those references are in all respects false and have already been adjudicated to be false. They note that Mr. Legros brought suit in France charging the allegations in Irving's book *Fake* were libelous and that suit resulted in civil and criminal judgments against the publisher of *Fake*, as well as Mr. Irving. In Great Britain, a default judgment was entered against Mr. Irving based upon the same book, and a civil suit is pending in the U.S.

Ramparts has no desire to insert itself into a controversy which does not concern it, and portions of which are still in litigation.

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